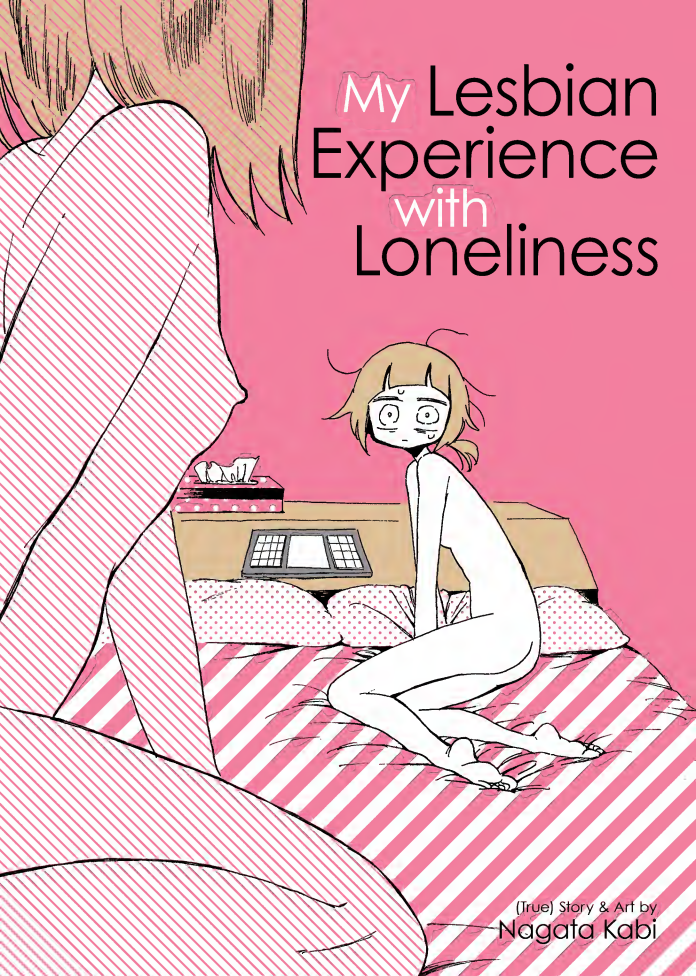


My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness



(True) Story & Art by
Nagata Kabi

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art
Nagata Kabi

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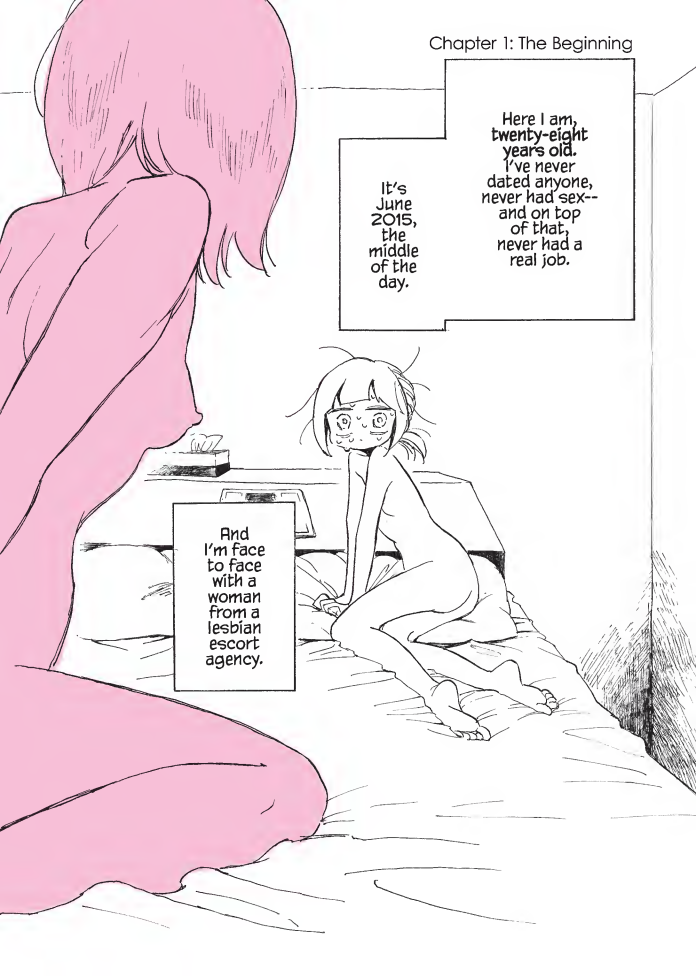


Chapter 1: The Beginning

Here I am,
twenty-eight
years old.
I've never
dated anyone,
never had sex--
and on top
of that,
never had a
real job.

It's
June
2015,
the
middle
of the
day.

And
I'm face
to face
with a
woman
from a
lesbian
escort
agency.



When it comes to anything sexual, I'm about as experienced as a newborn-- or something like that.

HEE
HEE
HEE!

....

Kree~

And let me be clear here, this is *not* making me feel sexy at all.

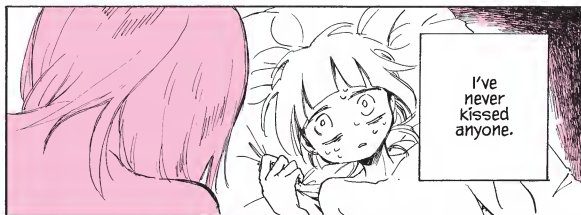
GEEK

LIE
BACK.

I have a bald spot on my head. (I hide it, but still.)

And my arms are covered in scars from cutting, but there's no way to hide them.

FLOP



*Doujinshi are creator-owned comics and books, similar to fanzines--but generally much more professionally printed, thanks to a proliferation of cheap printing services in Japan. The word is used by English audiences almost exclusively for fancomics, often with a romantic or sexual take on an existing series.



It's a
story
ten years
in the
making.

In order to
be a grown-
up, I was
after some
sort of
"sweet
nectar"
that's
supposed
to come
with
adulthood.

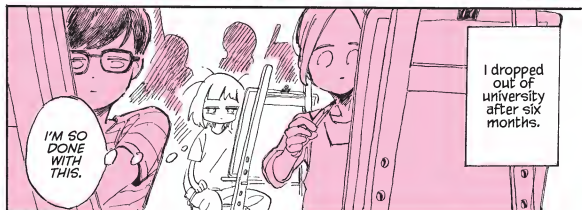
In
order
to live
as
myself...

And
how
did it
go?

Why did I
suddenly
muster
up the
courage
to call an
escort
agency?

...a
decade
ago.

I remember
when this
suffering
began...





I started causing problems for everyone, coming in late, leaving early, calling in sick...



But gradually, it got harder-- both physically and mentally.



IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.

THIS ISN'T SCHOOL.

I GUESS I GOT THE WRONG IDEA SOMEHOW.

KLAK
KLAK

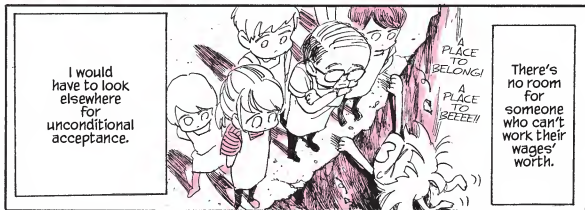
AAH.

...or how it had even happened.

But at the time, I didn't really know what I'd gotten the wrong idea about...

KLAK
KLAK

KLAK
KLAK



I didn't
feel hungry,
and I didn't
think I
deserved
to eat.

THE
SHAPE
OF MY
LEGS WAS
DISTURBING.



Incidentally,
I'm
167cm tall,
but at
the time,
I weighed
38kg.

(5'6", 84lbs.)

I still have
these
thoughts,
and I'm sure
there are
some I
haven't
noticed
yet.



I DIDN'T DESERVE
TO EAT OUT.

THAT
I'D
NEVER
BE
ABLE
TO
RECOVER

SOME
THING
TERRIBLE
WOULD
HAPPEN.
SOME
THING
SO
TERRIBLE

IF I BOUGHT
CAKE...



I'D DEFINITELY
PAY FOR IT.



(UNDER
20)

I DIDN'T
DESERVE
TO DRINK ALCOHOL.

Others
in the
"I don't
deserve to
XX or I will
seriously pay
for it" series
include...

I was
twice as
sensitive
to the cold
as a normal
person,
and when
I did eat, I'd
sometimes
end up
feeling sick.



IF I BARELY
BUMPED INTO
THE HEATER, IT
WAS A BURN.



SO
COLD!

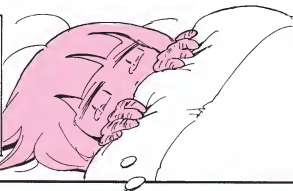
MY
CHAPPED
SKIN NEVER
GOT
BETTER
AND THERE
WAS ALWAYS
THIS
MYSTERIOUS
YELLOW
LIQUID
OOZING
OUT.

At the time,
my skin was
a mess and
my cuts
basically
never healed.
I got low-
temperature
burns at the
drop of a hat.

But
I was
happy
to be
falling
apart.



And then
I could
find a place
where I
belonged.



Getting hurt
absolved me
of something.
I thought it
would lower
the bar for
other people
to accept me...

...the
welcoming
kindness
of a
hospital
bed.



But I still
wasn't
anywhere
close to...

And I
totally
got it.

"BUT IT'S
EASY TO
UNDERSTAND
THE PAIN WHEN
IT'S MY BODY
THAT'S BEING
HURT.
IT CALMS ME
DOWN."

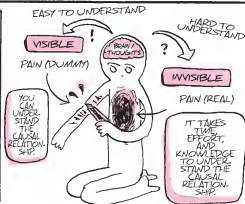


"I DON'T
REALLY
UNDERSTAND
THE PAIN IN MY
HEART. IT
DOESN'T HAVE
ANY REAL
FORM."

I read
about a
person who
hurt
herself.
She
said...

Years
later...

You can
see it;
the cause is
very clear.
Creating and
seeing the
dummy pain
calms you down.
You feel better
right away.



Putting the
invisible pain
in my heart into
words was a
process that
took time and
effort, and
more than
that...

I think it was a natural reaction from my body's starvation switch being flipped.

Eventually, I did a one-eighty from not eating at all, and started overeating.

So then, what did I do? I gritted my teeth.

But I had no choice in the matter. A desire to eat would suddenly take over my brain, so powerful that it almost drove me mad. I could do nothing in that state of binge eating, which was a serious problem.

I COULDN'T LEAVE THE REGISTER

HAVE TO GO TO THE BATH-ROOM! (A LIE.)

SORRY! I JUST ...!

And I would pretend to go to the bathroom and race into the staff room.

Which wouldn't be a big deal on its own, but this happened over and over.

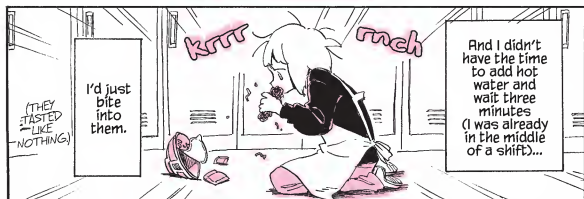
I HAVE TO GET BACK ALREADY. AH AH AH AH!

Back there, we had food taken off the shelves for being past the expiry date, and I would frantically stuff it into my mouth.



When
there was
only
instant
ramen...

Some-
times...



(THEY
TASTED
LIKE
NOTHING)

I'd just
bite
into
them.

And I didn't
have the time
to add hot
water and
wait three
minutes
(I was already
in the middle
of a shift)...



...and if I
sprinkled the
soup powder
on them,
it just fell
through the
cracks and
didn't stick
at all.

LETHAL
WEAPON

IS THAT
HOW MUCH I
WANTED
TO EAT?

The
non-fried
noodles
are
particularly
hard, so
they'd be
speckled with
my blood.



Bread and
cookies were
easy to eat,
but I'd end up
feeling really
sick later.

I was sure that if anyone saw me, they'd think I was possessed or something.



(ALTHOUGH IT WAS TRICKY HAVING WATER IN THE PACKAGE THAT HAD TO BE DUMPED SOMEWHERE...)

Finally, I kept a supply of yam cakes in my locker.

So my position there gradually got worse.



SORRY, SORRY!

OH-HI!

In my experience, you can try to do things like this on the sly, but people can basically tell.

My memories from that time probably fuel that.

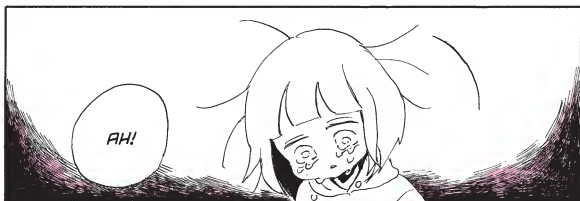
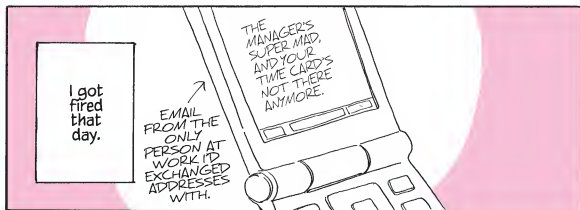


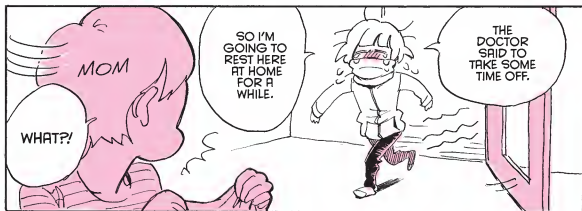
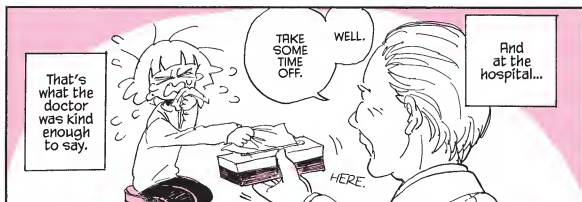
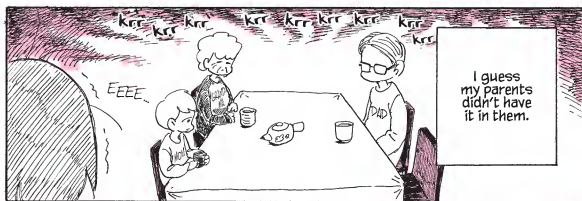
Even now, ten years later, I'm still held prisoner by the thought of what I'll do if I desperately want to run away, but can't leave my post.

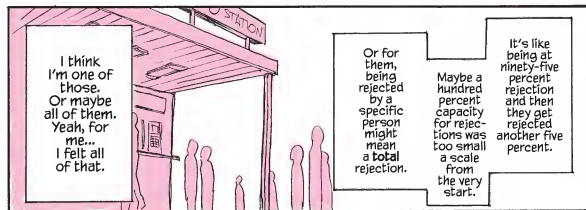
I tried to go to work and collapsed in the hallway of my house. I couldn't move.

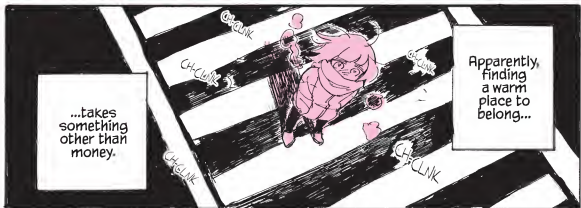


One cold morning, after six months of this...









...was also required to enjoy food, to keep yourself neat and tidy, and to mutually respect people. But at the time, I didn't know that.



Several years later, I realized that this "something" other than money...

So eventually, I went home.

WHAT IS THIS...?



I ran out of the house because I'd had all I could take from my parents. But I actually had no choice but to rely on them.



It was pathetic. I hadn't thought I was so helpless. I was disappointed in myself.

I had that thought dozens of times over the next several years.

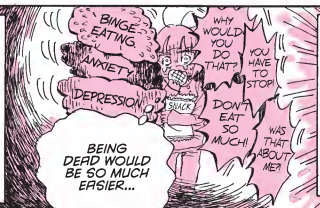
KEEP DOING THIS WITH YOU... IT'S TOO HARD.

I JUST CAN'T...



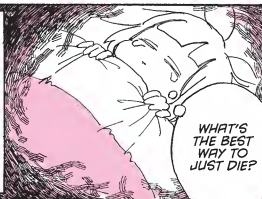
"I've finally reached the limit; I can't be any more disappointed in myself."

I always think it must be tough for people recuperating at home, too.



Whatever a binger looks like on the outside, they're seriously suffering on the inside.

But I'd think about the many merits of being dead over being alive...



Each and every day was hard. Twenty-four hours without a moment of respite. No matter how I looked at it, dying was an easier option.

...and it was surprisingly aggravating.

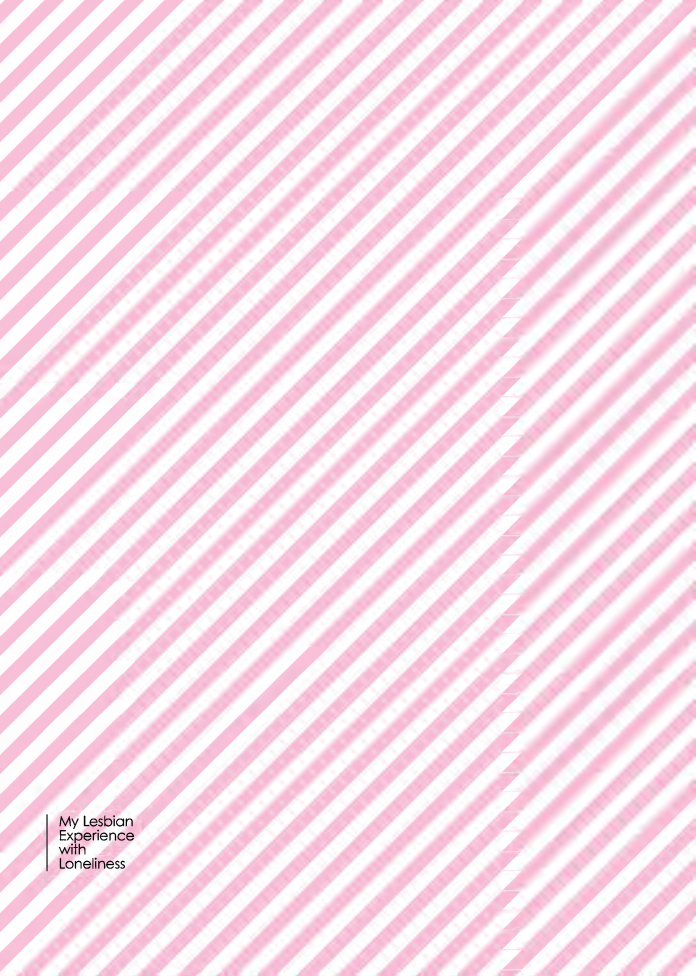
GRAR!

GOD-DAMMIT !!!

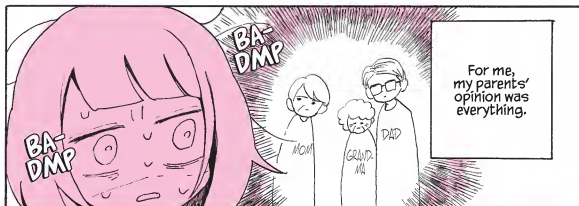
I'LL CLAW MY WAY OUT OF BED WITH MY LAST DYING BREATH!

IF THIS IS HOW IT IS, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!

That was how I started to think.



My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness



So I ate
food,
and the
bingeing
gradually
stopped.



If I got
my body out
of starvation
mode, I could
get the binge
eating under
control.

It was
hard for
me to be in
the house,
so I went
on endless
walks.



I...
I DID
IT...

IT WAS A
SIMPLE THING,
BUT I FELT SUCH
A SENSE OF
ACCOMPLISH-
MENT!

I was finally
living a
normal life
(up in the
morning,
in bed at
night,
three meals a day).



Help
Wanted!



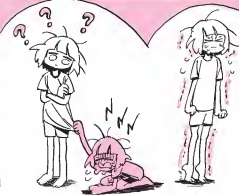
ALL
RIGHT/
NEXT,
A JOB!







...are related to when I'm trying to make myself look good due to an inferiority complex, or when I don't understand how I actually feel.



Recently, I've realized that the times when I'm uncomfortable...

TOTALLY
BLANK
RESUME

SALARIED
EMPLOYEE
STATUS.

LOOKS
LIKE I
JUST
HAVE
TO GO
FOR IT.

I only had a high school diploma, but I looked for places that did mid-career hires and went to interviews.



I worked at the bakery for two years, but then I lost the will to work and stopped being able to get out of bed.

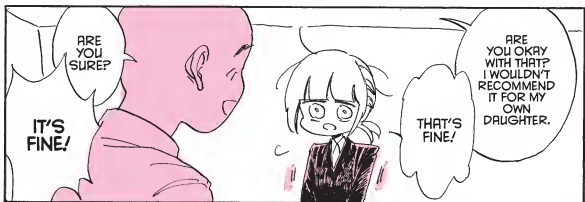
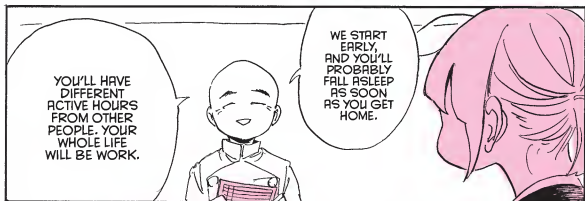
I simply sought my parents' approval.



I'M GOING TO A JOB INTERVIEW.

I'M TIRED!
I TRIED!

I couldn't listen to my own feelings, or have my own opinions about myself.



This interviewer took plenty of time to speak with me, too, smiling the whole time.

An osteopathic clinic.

THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF OSTEOPATHS IN THIS AREA, BUT I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT NOW.

YOU CAN TELL WHEN SOMEONE'S DOING WORK THEY ENJOY.

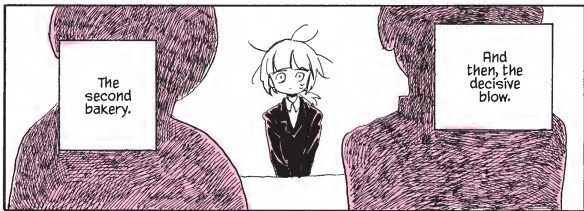
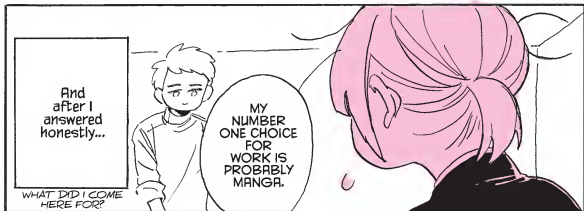
I'M SURE IT'S LIKE THIS IN THE FOOD SERVICES AS WELL...

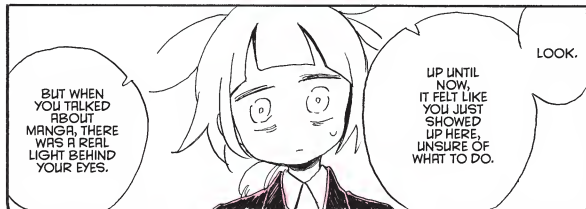
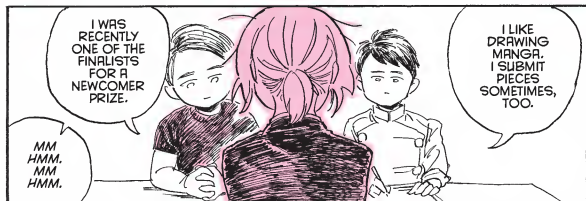
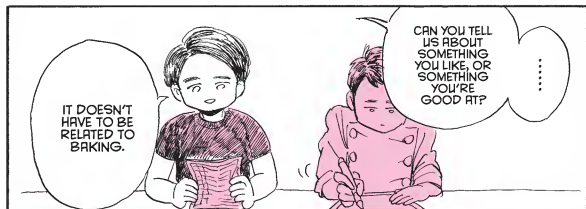
WELL...

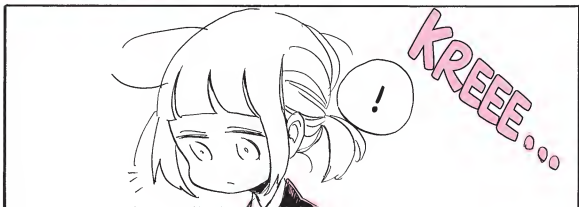
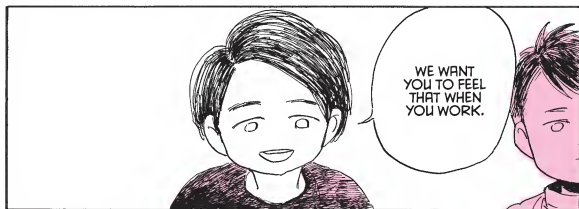
IS AN OSTEOPATHIC CLINIC YOUR NUMBER ONE CHOICE FOR WORK?

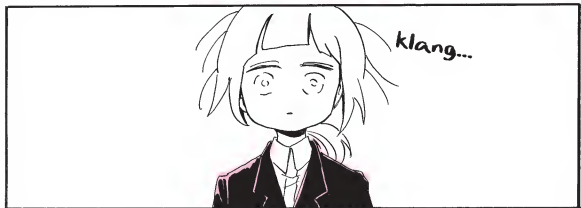
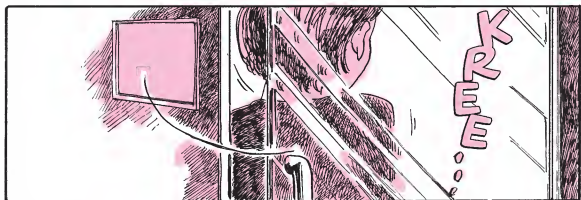
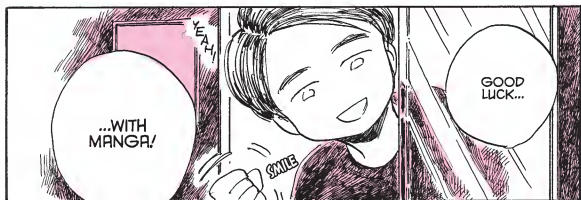
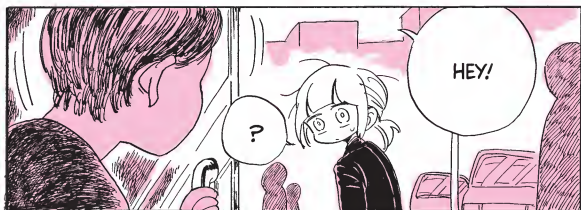
He also asked me what I really want to do.

Of course...











I'd never
said yes
to it,
either.

Although
I'd never
said *no* to
drawing
manga...



For some
reason,
they
reached
deep into
my heart.

UNH
UNH!

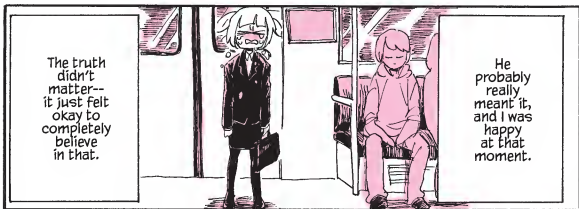
UNH
UNH
UNH!

The tone
of his voice,
the fist
pump, the
smile, even
the air
around
him...



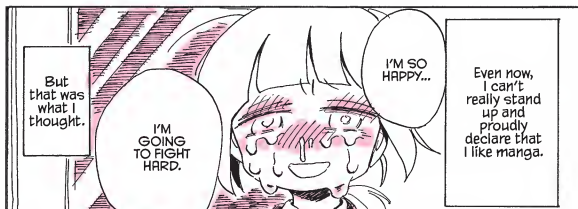
I couldn't
stop crying.
Not after
I got to the
station,
not after
I got on
the train.

Even
though he'd
only said,
"Good luck
with
manga"...



The truth
didn't
matter--
it just felt
okay to
completely
believe
in that.

He
probably
really
meant it,
and I was
happy
at that
moment.



But that was what I thought.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT HARD.

I'M SO HAPPY...

Even now, I can't really stand up and proudly declare that I like manga.

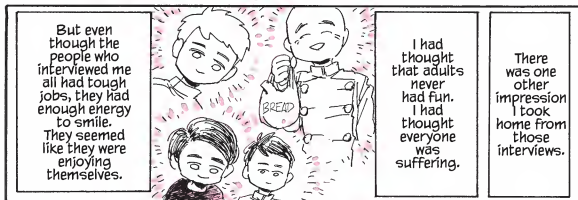


SMILE
YEAH!
GOOD LUCK!!

GLENN

AH!

I still remember him while I'm drawing, and I straighten up every time.



But even though the people who interviewed me all had tough jobs, they had enough energy to smile. They seemed like they were enjoying themselves.

I had thought that adults never had fun. I had thought everyone was suffering.

There was one other impression I took home from those interviews.

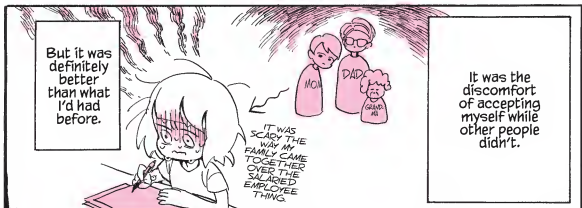
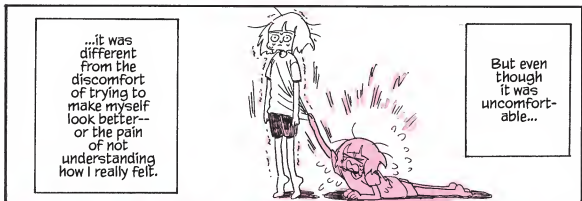


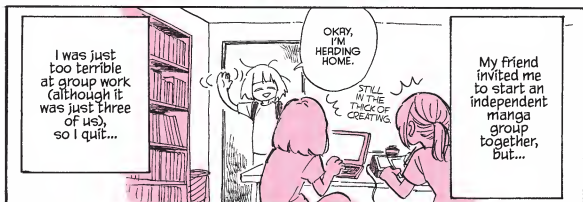
But would I get there if I was always worrying about what my parents thought?

I'M HOME.

KREE

I wanted to be that kind of shining adult.





I was
even more
unemployable.

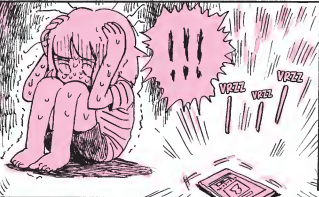


And now
that I'd been
out of work
for two years
after quitting
my part
time job...

I'd make
it to the
building,
but
wouldn't
go in.
Or I'd run
away during
the break.

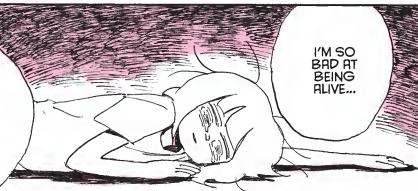


After going
to about twenty
interviews and
getting no job
offers, I couldn't
even make it
to any others.
I just gave up
right away.

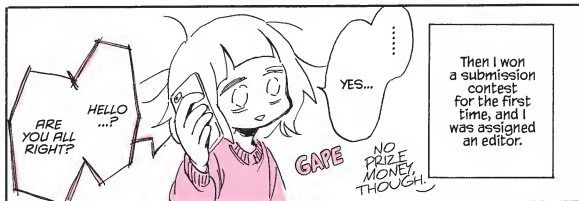
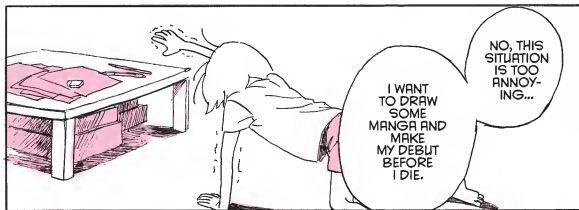


I did too
much of that
all over the
place, so when
the phone *did*
ring, I was too
scared to
pick it up.

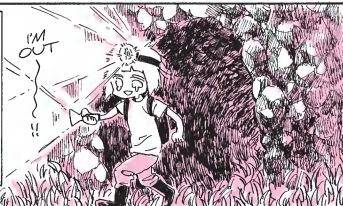
I GUESS
I HAVE
TO DIE,
AFTER
ALL...



I'M SO
BAD AT
BEING
ALIVE...



I was like a new person.



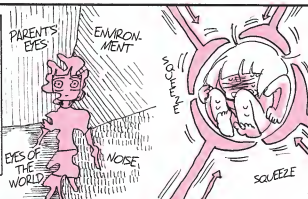
It was almost like I'd made my way out of a deep cave.

I couldn't think at all. It was like everything in my head had fallen out, and I couldn't read text.



But after two years, the spell was broken, and things got really hard again.

I had thought it would be smooth sailing after I made my debut...



It was painful, like I'd been shoved into this tiny space. My own contours seemed uncertain.

I couldn't think anymore.



...but my empty head was flooded with sounds spilling through my ears.



This went on for several months, so I went to a doctor for the first time in ages.



I could read text again.

I CAN READ!
I CAN REEED!

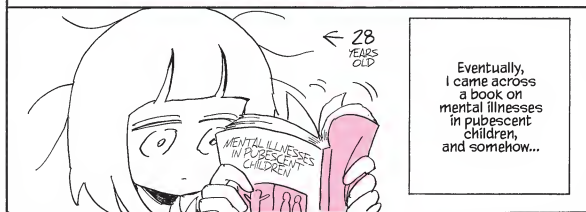
I UNDERSTAND
THE MEANING!!

I started taking a prescription, and the first thing to improve...

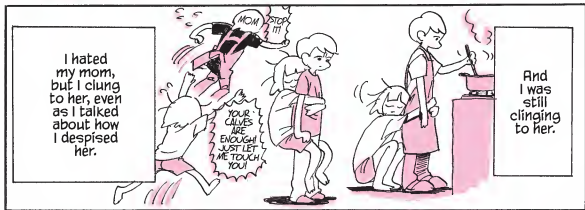
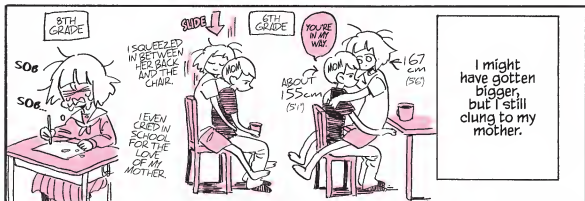


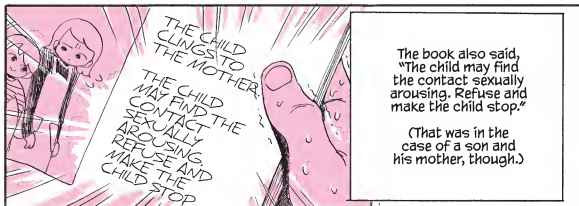
I started reading articles and books that seemed related to the topic.

I wanted to find some hints as to where this pain came from, and how I could resolve it.



Eventually, I came across a book on mental illnesses in pubescent children, and somehow...



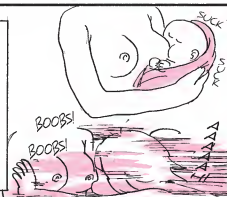


I wondered
if I still had
desires
from when
I was a
baby.



And I was
so happy
when my
mom would
look at my
butt or
touch it.

...maybe
the desire
to devour
boobs
was a
regression.



I mean,
isn't there some
part of sexual
desire that
resembles a
baby's desire?
I didn't know,
but...

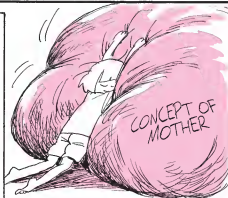
That
was all
I could
think.

THAT'S
WHAT I
WAAA-
AAANT
!!

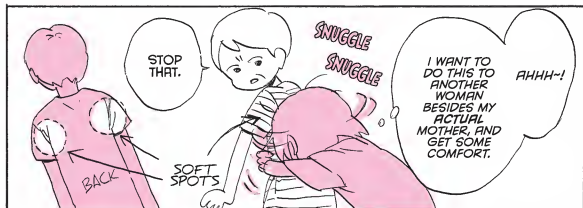
AAAAH !!

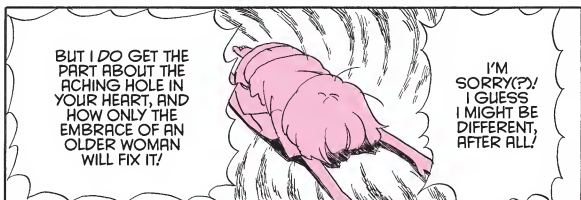
I saw a woman
write on Twitter
(or something)
that maybe what
men seek in women
is a mother who
lets them have
sex with her.

But I wanted
something *more*,
like the general
concept of a mother--
a presence that
would accept me,
which is something
everyone wants.

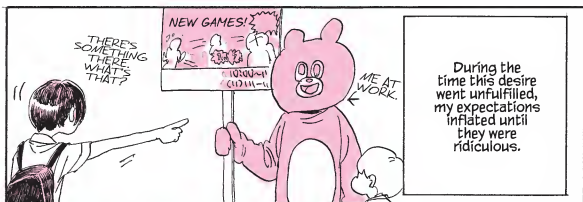


I'll just
say this:
a "mother"
might be the
person who
takes care
of the house.









And having my back touched did make me feel calm and happy.



Which reminds me. When I worked at the bakery, I went for massages a lot.

The other forty percent was my desire to relax under someone's touch.



Sixty percent of why I went was my sore neck and shoulders.

But my neck and shoulders weren't particularly sore.



I thought about maybe going for massages again.

I searched Twitter daily for "free hugs" and the name of a location, thinking I might find something.



IS SOMEONE MAYBE DOING FREE HUGS SOMEWHERE?!

OH!

And
I never
actually
ran into
any,
either.



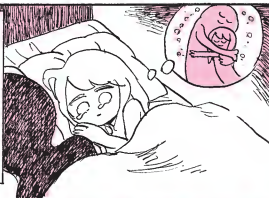
In the
end,
I didn't
find any
info on
free
hugs.

A
A
H!



Recently, I read an article online
that described feelings of
confusion teenage girls have
the first time they try sex.
That sometimes all the girl
really wanted was an embrace,
cuddling up in bed,
or even just a nice meal.

In the pursuit
of that comfort,
some people even
end up hurting
themselves mentally
and physically,
like clinging to bad
sexual relationships.



I had this
feeling
like, oh,
everyone
wants to
be held.

HOW
HARD
IS IT,
EXACTLY?

GETTING
SOMEONE
TO HOLD
YOU, AND
FEELING
SAFE...

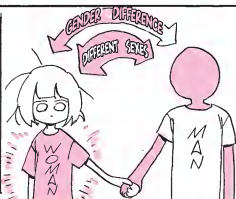


But for
anything more
than that,
I'd only want
to pursue it
with a woman.
And the
reason
behind that...



By the way--
when it
comes to
free hugs,
gender
doesn't
matter to me.

It wasn't
that I wanted
to be a man;
it was more
like I hated
belonging
to a gender
at all.



...was
that I didn't
want to
accept
that I
was a
woman.

...before
I was
seen as
myself.



I was
excessively
afraid of
being
defined
as a
woman...

SAVING
THIS!!



FEMALE
BODY

HE
SURE IS
NAKED.



MALE
BODY

NOTE THE
DIFFERENCE.

Plus,
I was more
sexually
interested
in women's
bodies
than
men's.

Writing about all this now, it makes a lot more sense.



But it wasn't like I was lusting over a particular woman or anything.

Back then, though, I was totally, utterly... clueless.



And, as you can probably guess, these are all things that I know now, from experience.

I was sure I'd go my whole life and die without anything even vaguely sexual.



I felt like I shouldn't even be thinking about things like that.

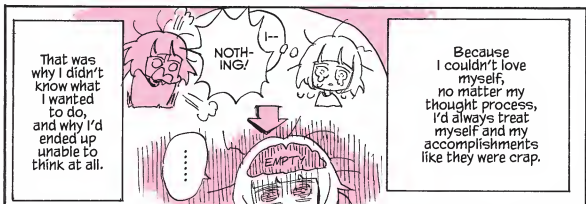
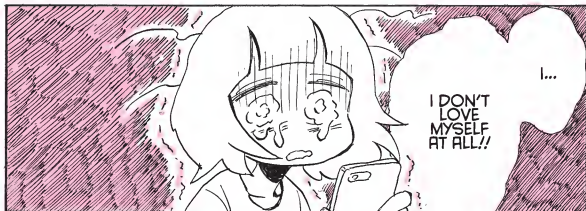


I-I'VE NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING LIKE THAT!!

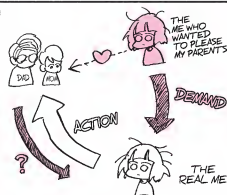
Reading that really shocked me.

"Because I can remember what it felt like to appreciate life, I don't want to be a disaster--for my own sake."

By the way--in her manga at that time, Natsuko Taniguchi wrote:



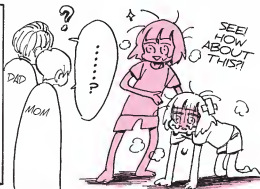
But wasn't I actually responding to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents?



I had thought I wanted to live up to my parents' expectations.

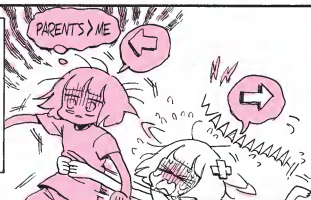
Oh/
What
if...

It was all because that wasn't what they wanted. The me who wanted their approval--who was making me do all this work--had totally missed the mark...



The fact that they weren't the least bit satisfied even though I was supposedly doing all this for them...

Was that why I'd been suffering for so long?

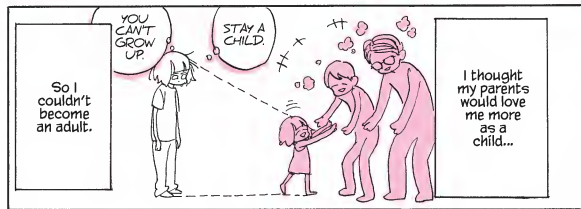
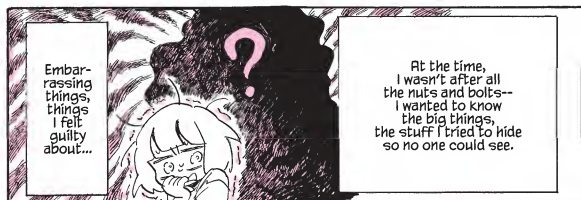
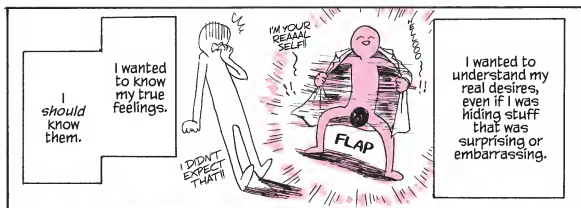


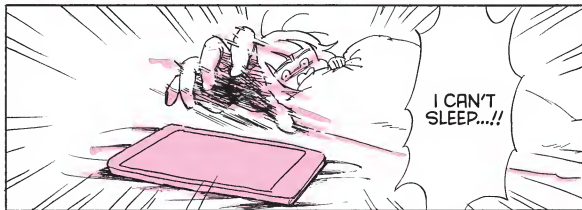
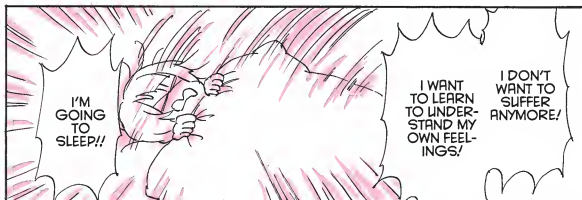
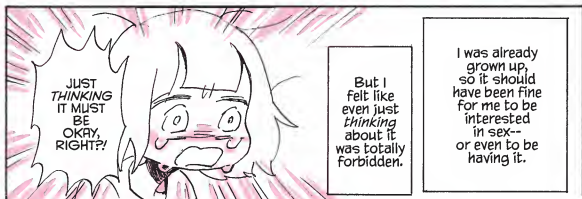
And the me trying to please my parents was the only version of me I'd listened to.

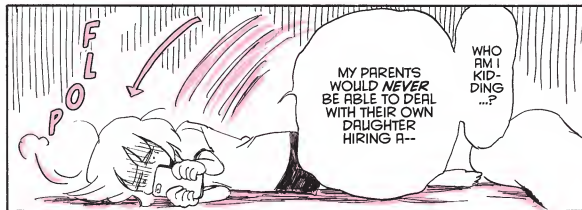
I WANT
TO BE
ABLE TO
UNDERSTAND
MY OWN
FEELINGS!!



I WANT
TO LOVE
MYSELF.





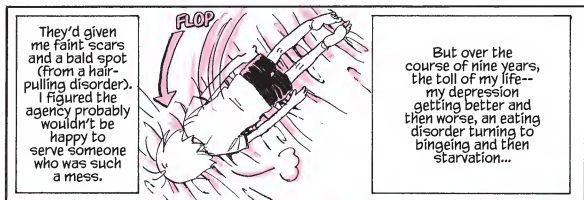




...THINKING
LIKE
THAT ANY-
MORE!!

I SAID
THAT I'M
NOT...

AH
....!!



They'd given
me faint scars
and a bald spot
(from a hair-
pulling disorder).
I figured the
agency probably
wouldn't be
happy to
serve someone
who was such
a mess.

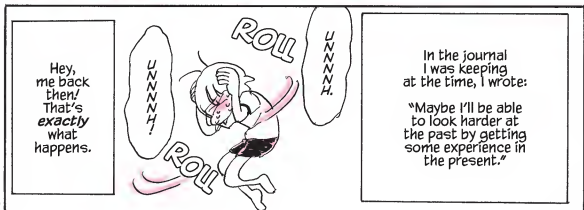
But over the
course of nine years,
the toll of my life--
my depression
getting better and
then worse, an eating
disorder turning to
bingeing and then
starvation...



BUT...

IT WOULD
GIVE ME MORE
THINGS TO
WRITE ABOUT,
AND THAT
WOULD BE
HANDY,
RIGHT?

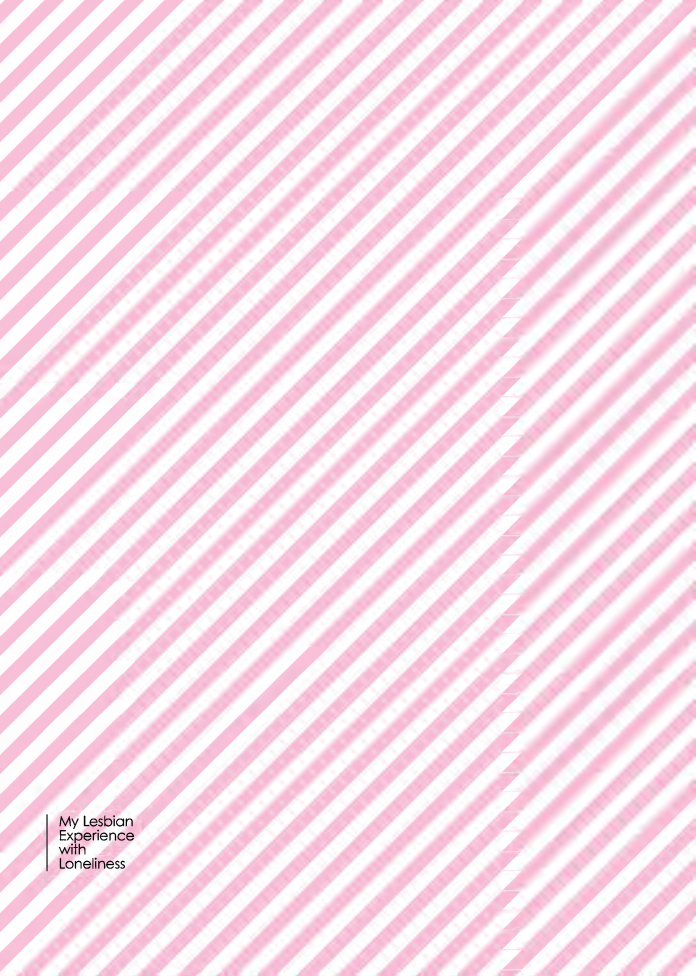
(THE MAGIC
EXCUSE)



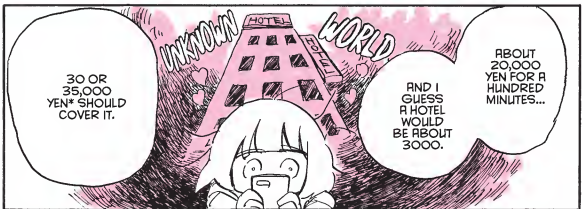
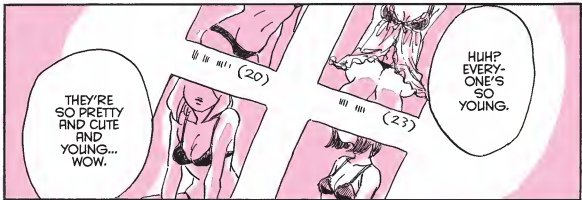
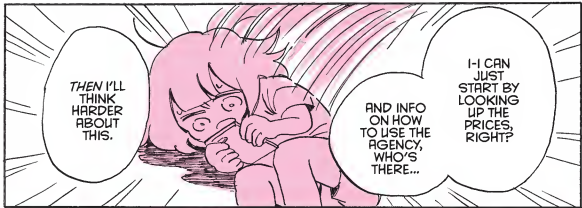
Hey,
me back
then/
That's
exactly
what
happens.

In the journal
I was keeping
at the time, I wrote:

"Maybe I'll be able
to look harder at
the past by getting
some experience in
the present."



My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness



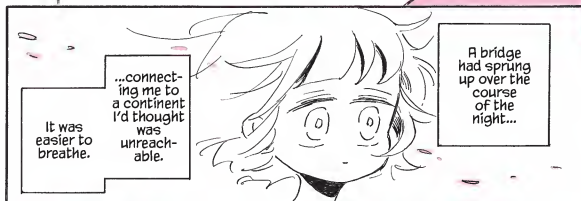
*About \$250-\$300 U.S. Dollars.





The
next
day...

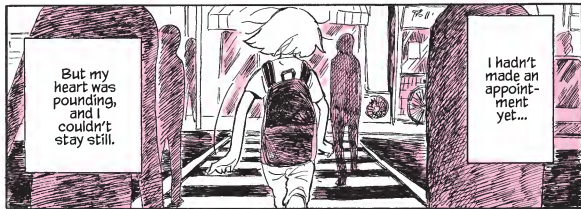
...the
world
was a
bigger
place.



It was
easier to
breathe.

...connect-
ing me to
a continent
I'd thought
was
unreach-
able.

A bridge
had sprung
up over the
course
of the
night...



But my
heart was
pounding,
and I
couldn't
stay still.

I hadn't
made an
appoint-
ment
yet...

Instead of bowing to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents, I was thinking and acting for my own sake.



Since I'd looked at the place's website--no, since I'd run the first search...



I couldn't believe how fulfilling it felt.

My physical body hadn't changed, even if the world had opened.

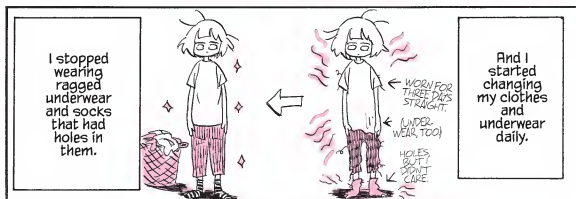


I finally realized something.

So I could go anywhere I wanted in this bigger world.



I had to clean up.



...and
keeping
neat and
clean was
loving
myself.



I thought
spending
time, effort,
and money on
myself...

...the
people
around
me were
nicer,
too.



And
when
I was
able to
love
myself...

LOVE
MEEE
!!!

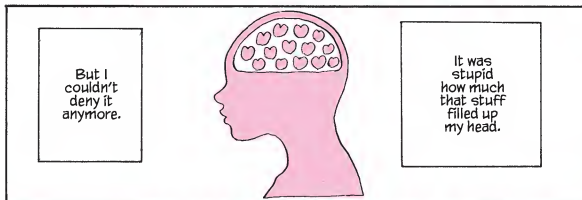


When
I relied
on other
people for
everything,
it was hard
for me and it
burdened
everyone
else.

And yet,
all that
time,
I hadn't
been
able to
do it.



Taking care
of myself was
good for me and
for the others,
and it was more
effective in all
kinds of ways.

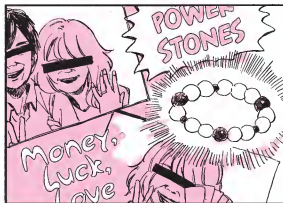


...for the first time in over a year, I got the go-ahead for one of my pitches.



OKAY, PLEASE START ON A DRAFT OF THIS.

And...



Things kept going almost magically well--like I was in one of those dodgy advertisements you see in the back of magazines.

Maybe I hadn't had the motivation to try before that point.

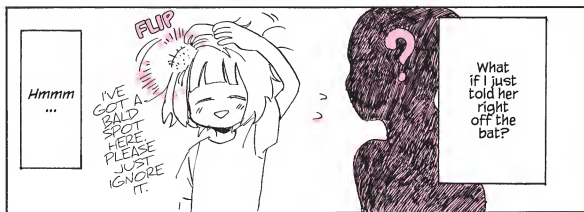
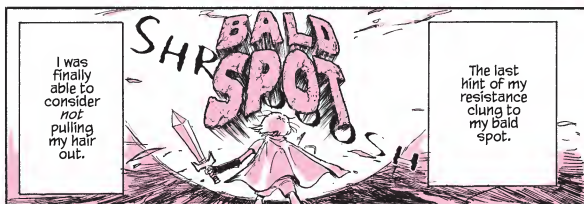


I was getting those results just because I was trying.

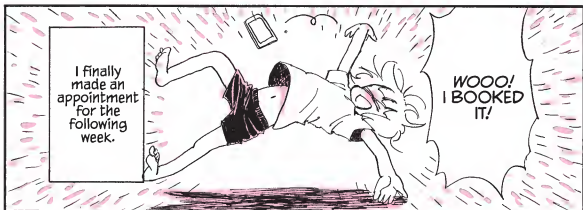
My mind kept wandering. I couldn't concentrate.

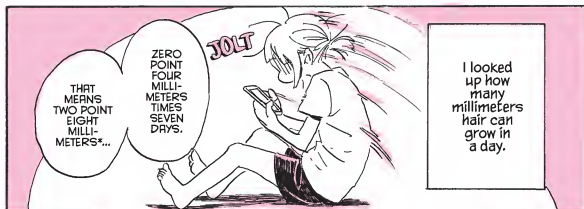


But even when I was working...

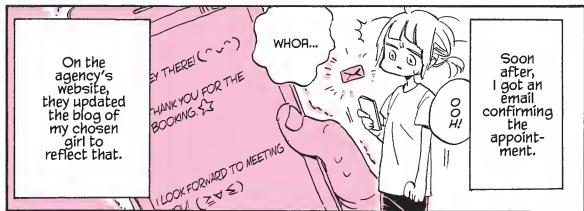


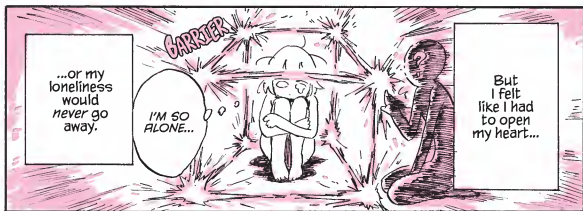
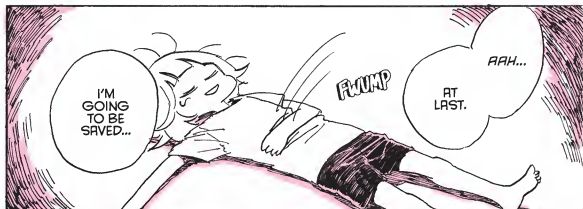


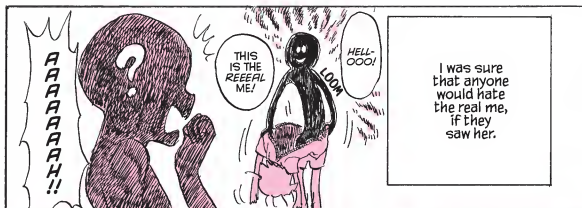


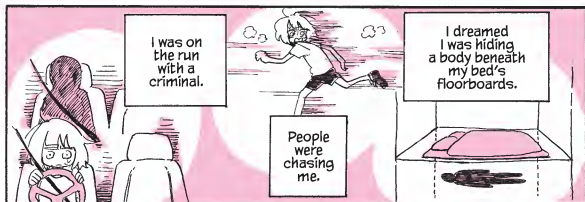


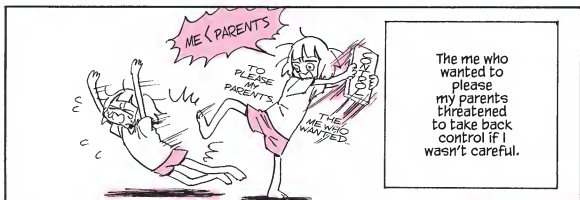
*About a tenth of an inch.



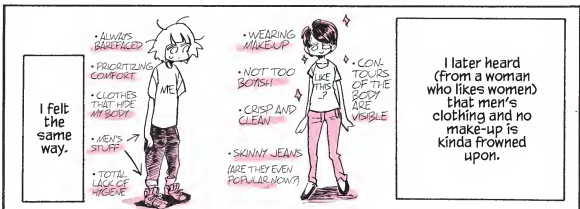
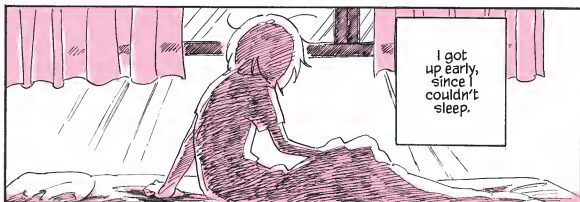
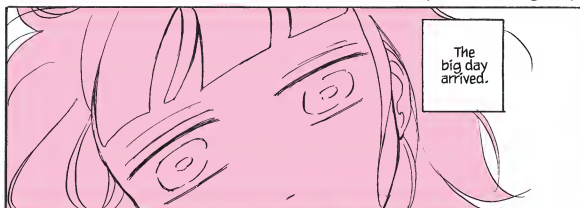




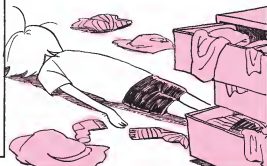




My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

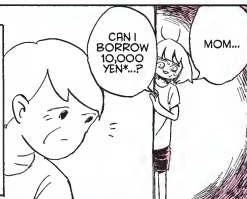


It was like I'd fallen so low that I couldn't bounce back fast, no matter *what* I did.



But I'd given up on a "proper" life for so long that I didn't have any clothes.

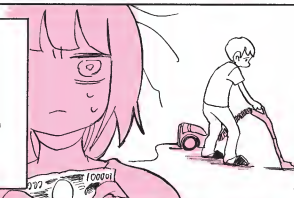
I ended up borrowing money from my mom to hire an escort, i.e. the worst thing ever.



And because the temporary income I'd been counting on was less than expected...

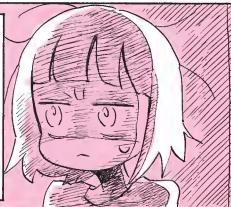
*About \$100 US

I wasn't hiring this woman for *fun*. I thought I had to do it for something far more important.

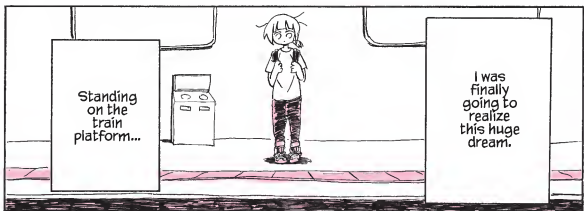
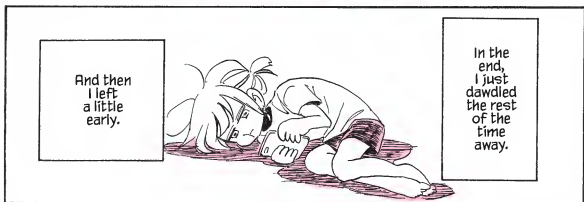
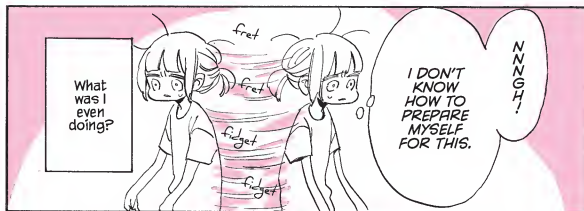


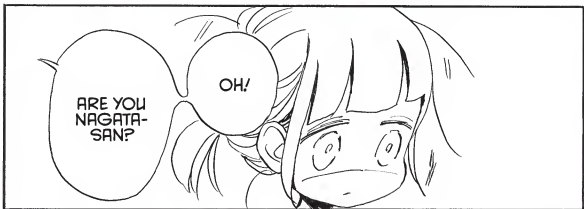
To be honest, though, I didn't feel guilty about it.

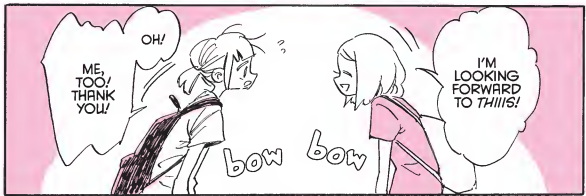
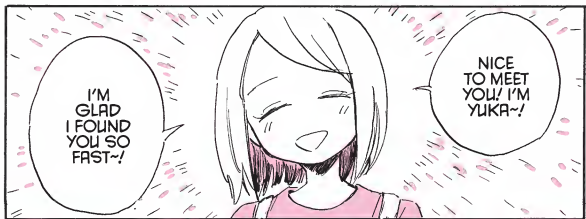
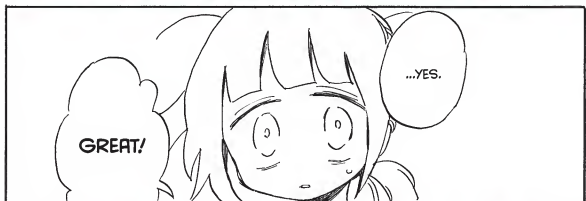
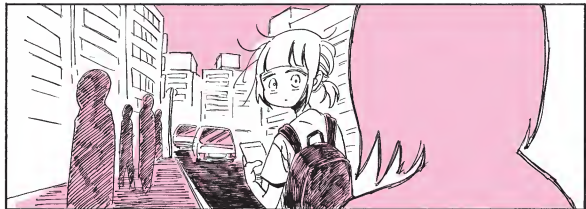
I needed to step into a place I'd thought I could never go.

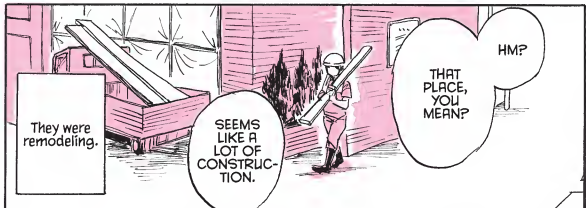
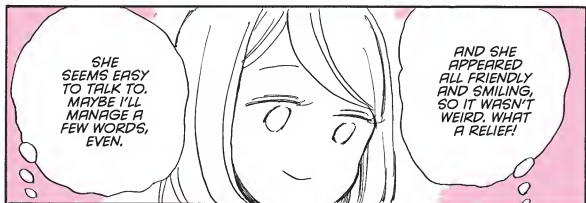
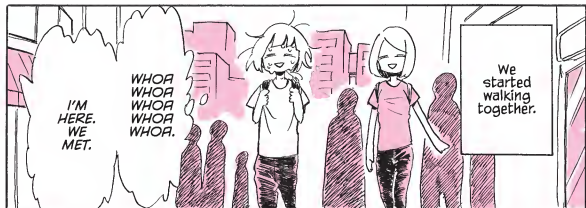


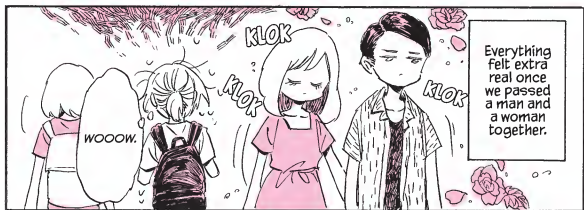
I needed to affirm the things I hadn't been able to.



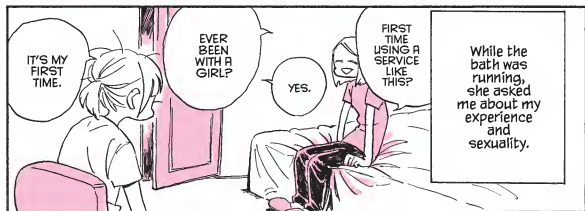
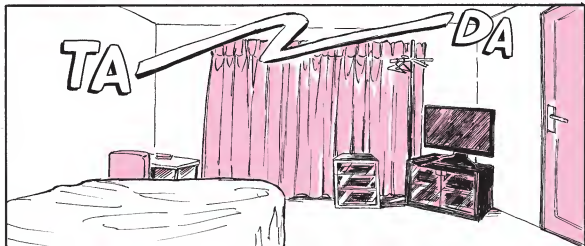
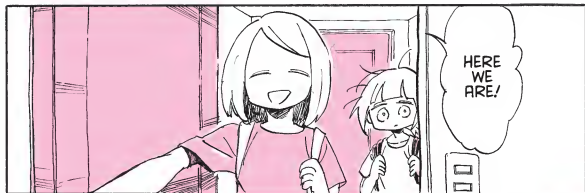


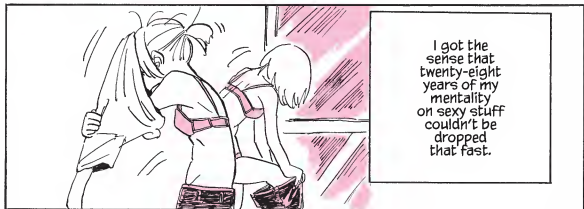
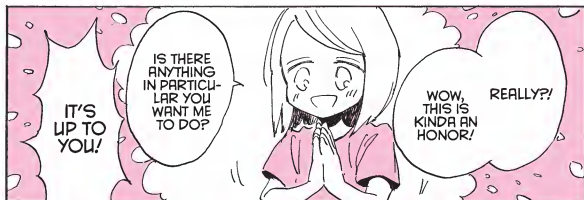


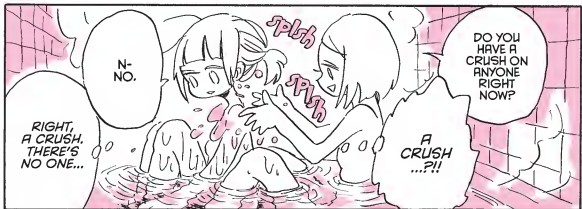


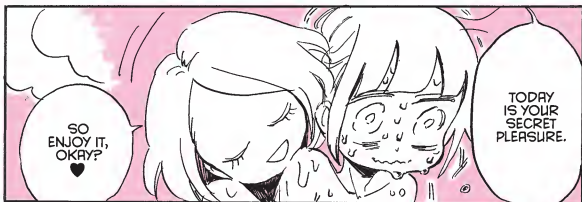
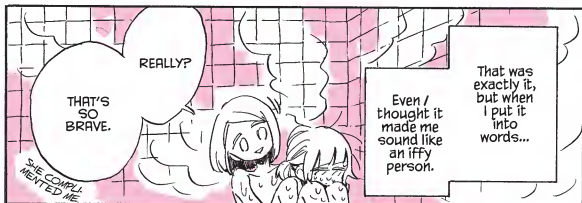


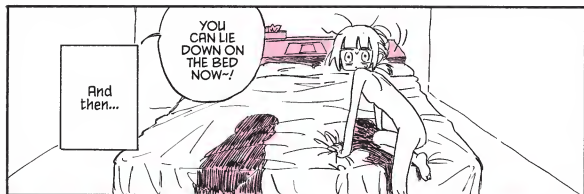




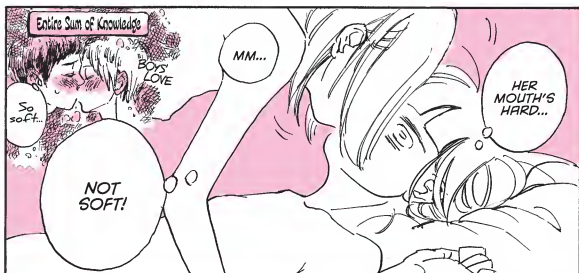


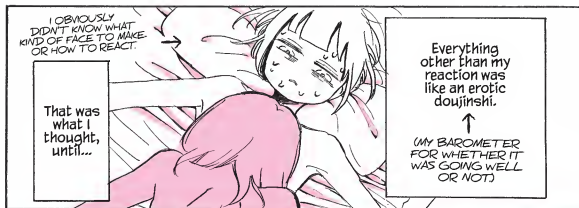


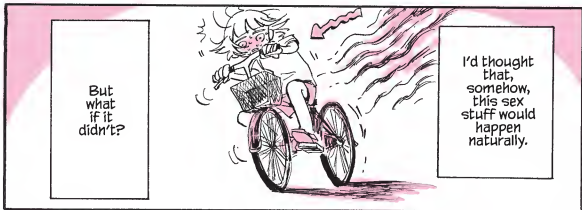
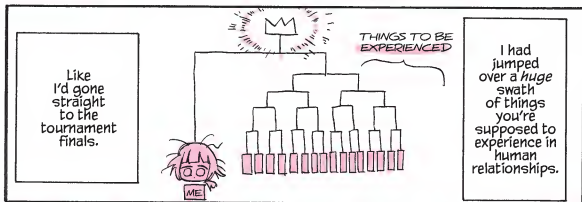




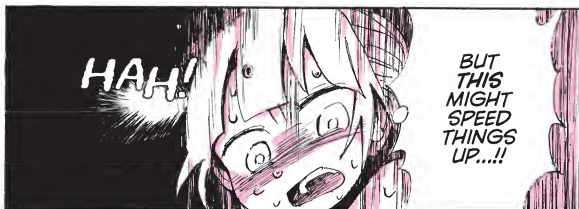


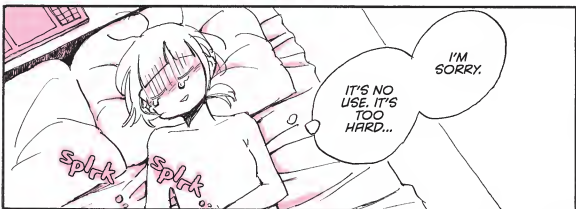
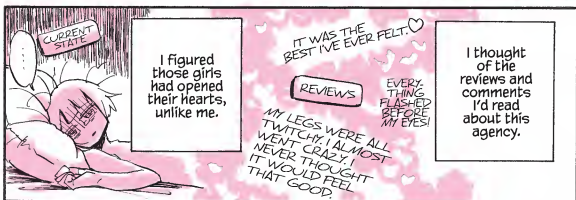


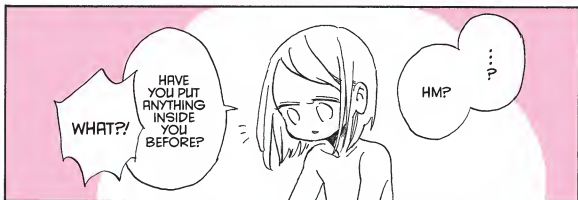
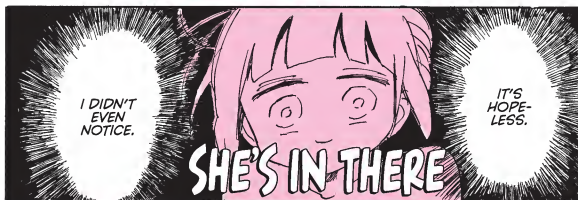
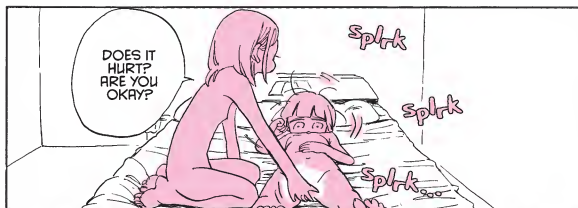


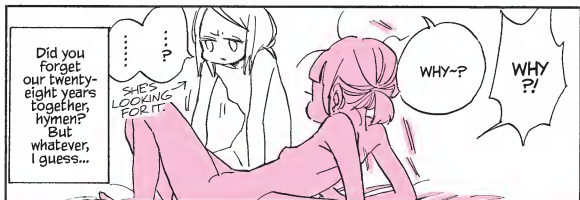


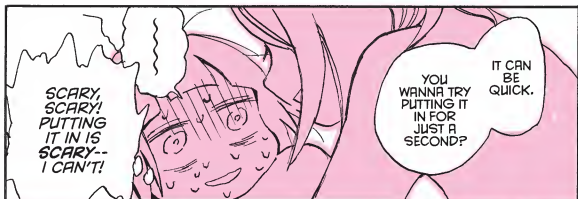
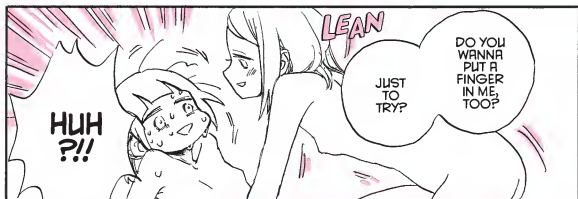
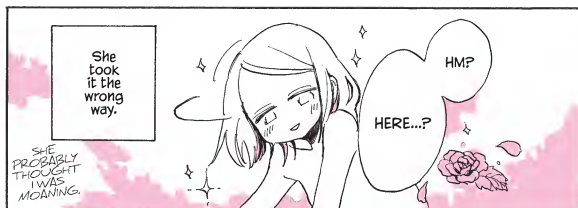


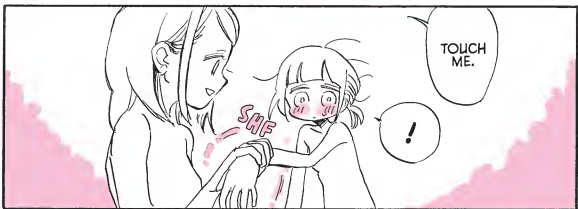
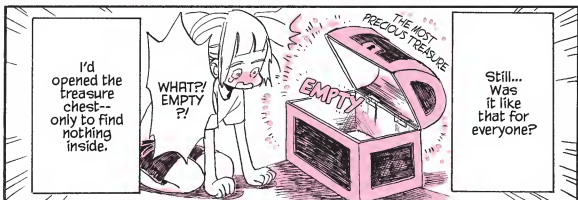
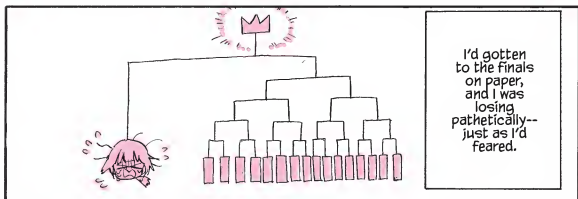
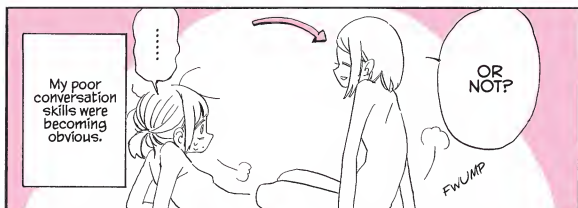












But
it didn't
seem real.
I almost
didn't
believe
it was
happening.

HAHH.

MM!

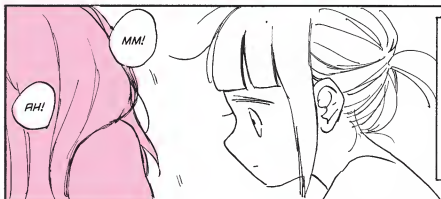
It
should
have been
incredible.



AH!

MM!

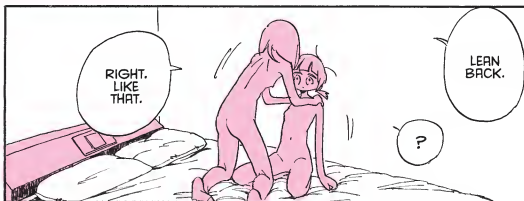
I was
touching
another
person's
body,
but it
didn't
feel like
reality.



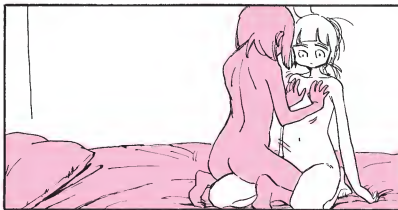
RIGHT.
LIKE
THAT.

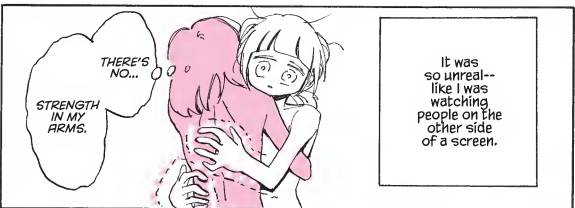
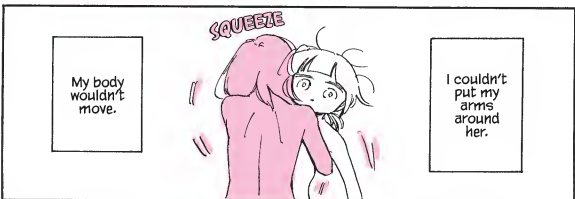
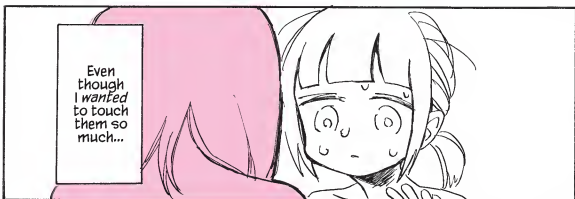
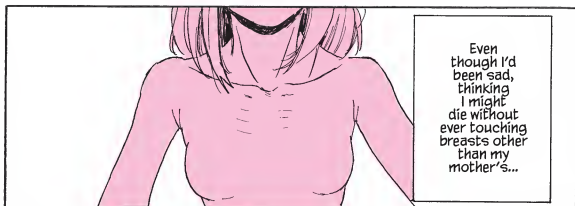
LEAN
BACK.

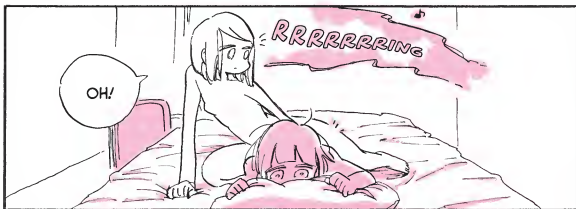
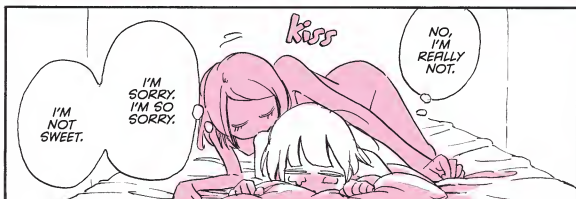
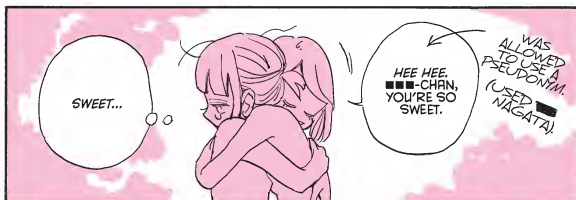
?

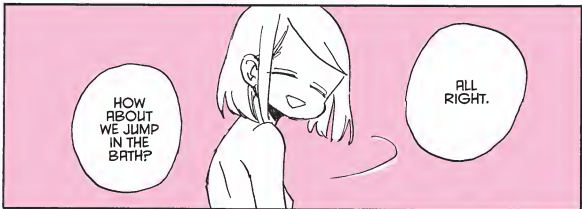
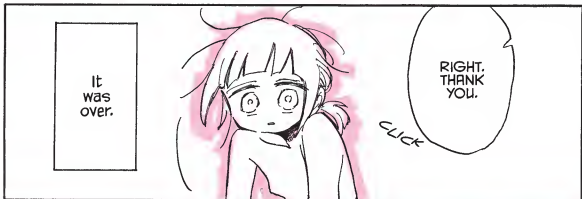
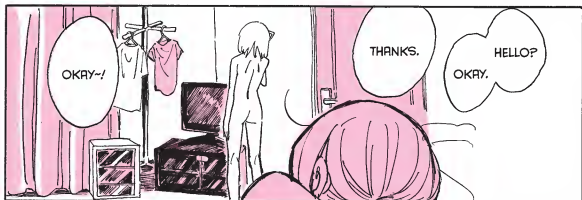


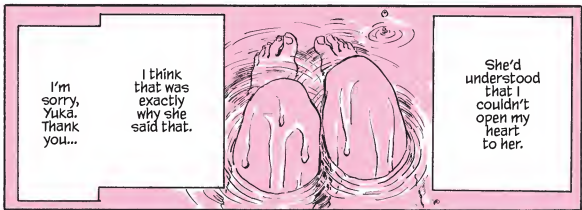
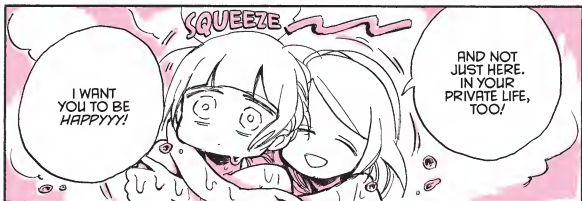
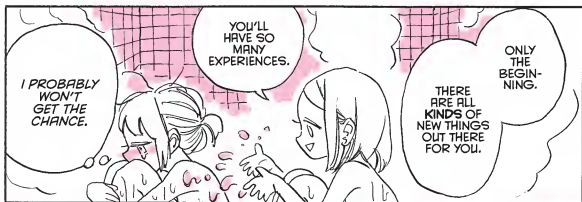
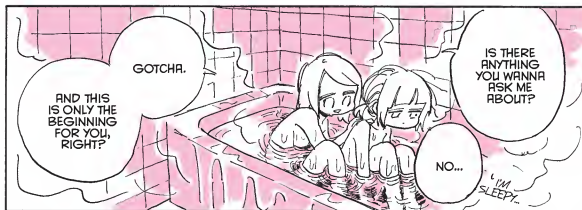
Her breasts,
her body--
everything
was right
there in front
of me, but I
couldn't
touch any
of it.

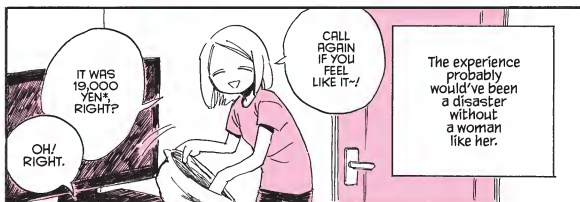




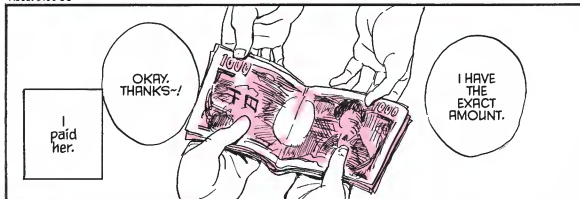


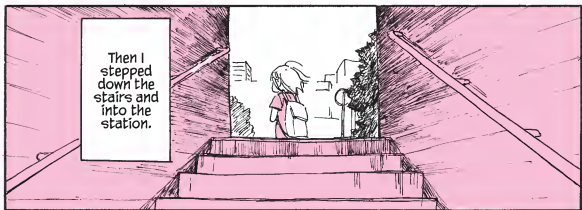
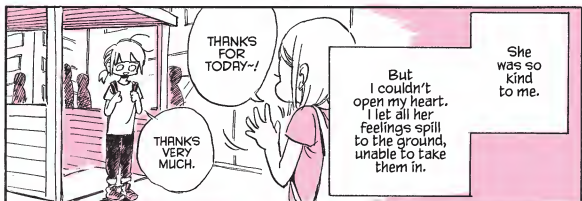
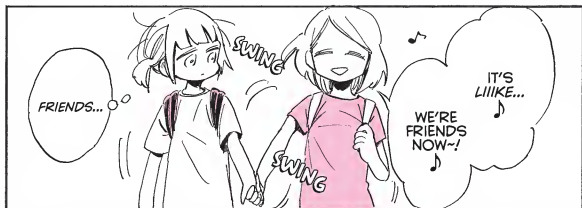




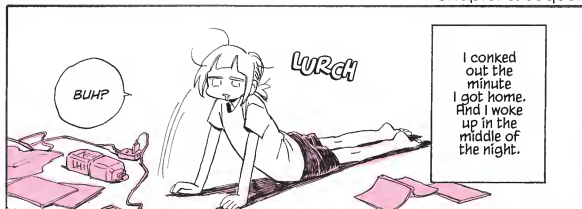


*About \$190 US

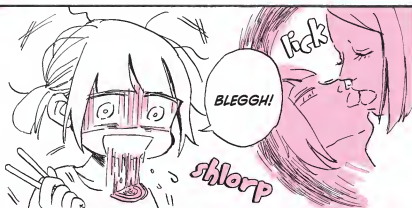




My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness



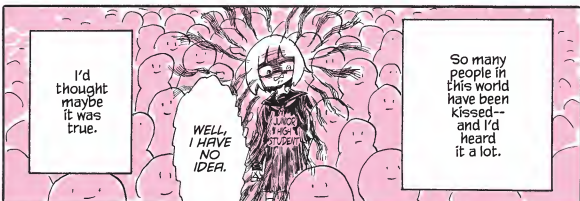
They say
your first
kiss tastes
like lemons.



I'd
thought
maybe
it was
true.

WELL,
I HAVE
NO
IDEA.

So many
people in
this world
have been
kissed--
and I'd
heard
it a lot.



Or that
it would
amount to
more than
a limp fruit
in my supper,
at least.

BUT THE
TEXTURE
OF MY FIRST
KISS WAS
LIKE A
TOMATO.

I DON'T
KNOW
ABOUT
THE
TASTE.



The
experience
had put me
on the side
of the people
who know.

SO
THAT'S
IT...



And now
I'd finally
moved over
to the
"done it"
column.

For
twenty-eight
years,
I'd fought
against a
value system
that
emphasized
sexual
experience.

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!

HEH
HEH
HEH.

HEH
HEH HEH...
MWAH HA.
HEH HEH...
NGAH!

THE ME
WHO SAID
ALL THAT
STUFF,
WHO
WORRIED
ABOUT ALL
THIS...!!

I'M
FREE~!!
I'M
TOTALLY
FREEEE
~!!!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!

BUT IT'S
ALL GOOD
NOW. I DON'T
HAVE TO GO
THAT FAR--
I CAN STILL
CALL
SOMETHING
"WEIRD" IF
IT *IS* WEIRD.

CLEAR! SO CLEAR!

AAAAH~!
I LOST!
THIS TIME,
I LOST.
THE PULL
OF THE
WORLD
IS TOO
STRONG~!

LESBIAN MAGAZINE
Carmilla
(NO LONGER BEING
PUBLISHED
APPARENTLY)



All the things
that alluded to sex,
the things I'd thought
I could never touch
and didn't even have
the right to look at--
I could reach for
them now.

Drawing
this manga
was basically
the first time
I wrote it.
I'd been
excessively--
childishly--
conscious
of sex.



Before that,
I hadn't even
been able
to say the
word "sex"--
much less
write or
type it.

It was
advanced
commu-
nication,
it revealed
everything
about you--
it made
your heart
naked.



Now that my
eyes were open,
I discovered all the
things trying to tell
me how sex was.

I'M
SORRY...

I HAD
NO
IDEA...

IT'S
NEXT-LEVEL
COMMUNICA-
TION,
AFTER ALL...



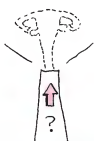
I guess there's not really any hymen-shaped thing?



And then I read more about the hymen.



Along with diagrams that showed the hole that allowed menstrual blood through.



...there were diagrams with the entrance.

When I looked it up online...

On Yahoo Answers, I found a lot of questions about "a mysterious object" or "why won't a finger go in," so...maybe people have different shapes?



Hymen or no, maybe there was *something* other people had that I didn't.

I wish they'd teach us this stuff in school.

WAIT, PEE COMES OUT OF *THERE*?! TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AND I NEVER KNEW THAT!



At any rate, there were too many explanations about the hymen.

I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN BODY!!

And now that I think about it with a clear head, the erotic doujinshi I'd used as reference had been man x man-- so of course things wouldn't end up like that.



By the way, the sex was *nothing* like an erotic doujinshi.

Had I been seeking something I could never get with my body? Something that didn't even exist in reality?

WHAT IS THE YAOI HOLE?

• A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN IN MUCH OF BL (BOYS LOVE) THAT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE ANUS IN POSITION, SHAPE, OR FUNCTION.

WHEN THEY BONE, STUFF GOES IN. IT GETS WET ETC. HIGH PERFORMANCE.

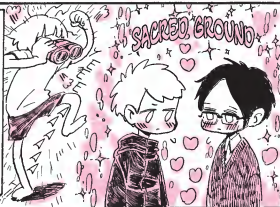
Had I *actually* been looking for the eroticism of the yaoi-hole fantasy?

WHY NOT...?!



I realized I'd never read any works with girl x girl sex.

Since I'd resisted thinking about sexual things, maybe boy x boy had been the only erotica I'd been able to accept.



Rather than boy x girl or girl x girl, I only had the completely unrelated boy x boy.

But maybe it had had an effect on me as my only point of reference, and that had led to hurting my partner.



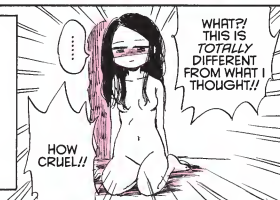
I didn't think I'd been *that* influenced by those works.

It's weird to learn about your own life and bodily functions through nothing but fantasy.



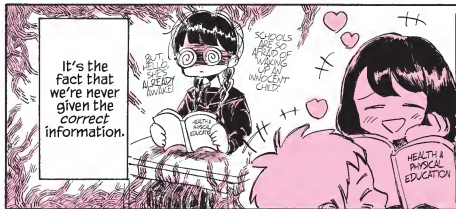
The problem was that I didn't know anything *other* than the sex in that kind of fiction.

...I'd be seriously shocked when I learned about women.

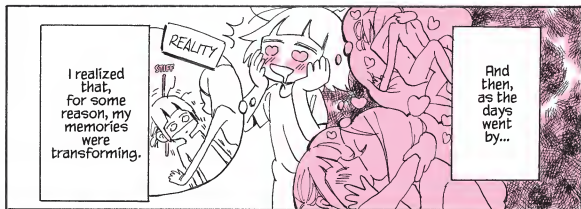


Sometimes I think that if I were a guy, surrounded by this insufficient education and tons of fantasy sex...

It's the fact that we're never given the *correct* information.



I'm repeating myself here, but the problem isn't the stuff in fiction.



But since
I didn't know
anything
about other
people,
I thought:
"What about
me?"



I wondered
how to make
it so people
would *want* to
read it, even if
they had to
pay for it.

I realized
that
everything
I read was
that kind
of thing.



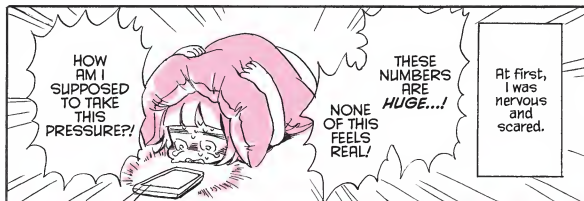
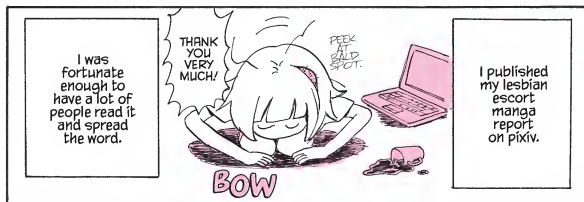
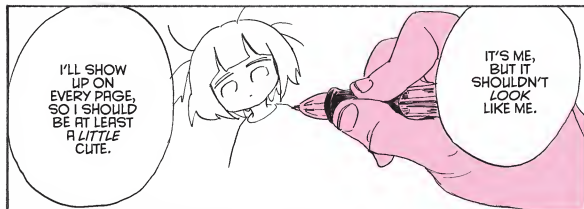
I'd want to
read something
about the secrets
people hide.
I'd pay money
for that, too.

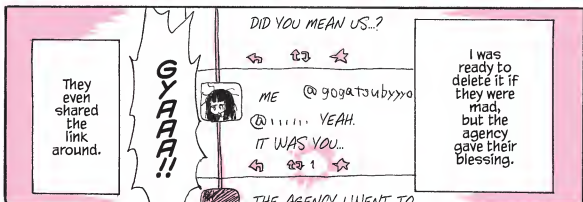
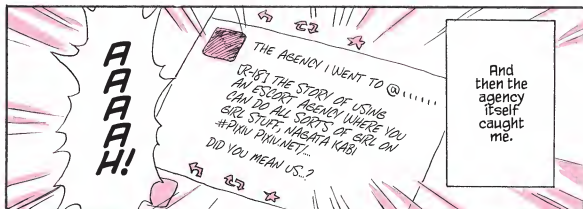
AH!

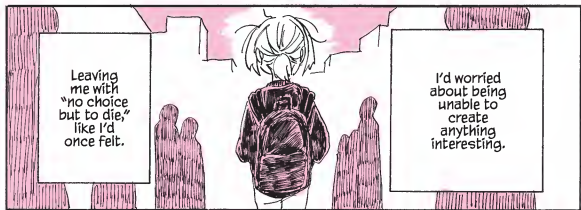
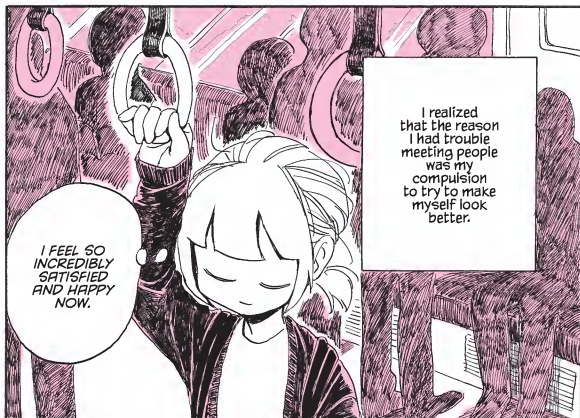
STUFF
THAT
SHAKES
PEOPLE
UP.

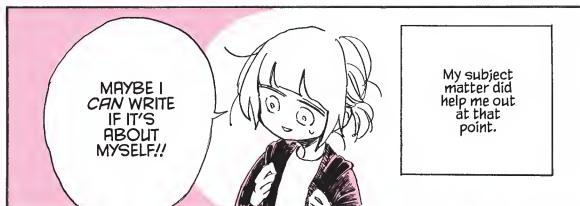
STORIES
ABOUT
MY TRUE
SELF...!

I WANT
TO WRITE
THAT
STUFF,
TOO.





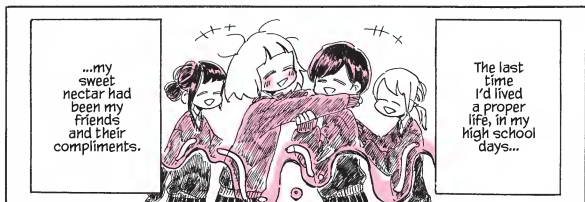






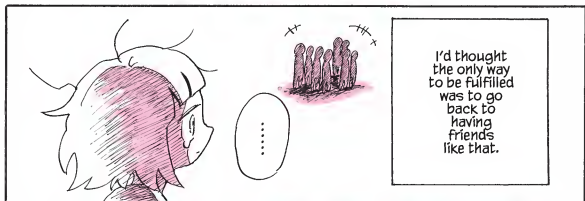


At any rate, I think "sweet nectar" is a good way to describe it.



...my sweet nectar had been my friends and their compliments.

The last time I'd lived a proper life, in my high school days...



I'd thought the only way to be fulfilled was to go back to having friends like that.



But I'd found a new sweet nectar.

All the
people who
pass my
work on
even
further...



Having
something
with feedback
to write about,
having so many
people look at
what I draw...

Transmitting
my signal,
having people
receive it,
being
recognized
by people.



I think
I know
how
to fill
up my
heart
now.

And being
treated like
an adult
was a sweet
nectar like
a drug.

LIKE I'M
A REAL
GROWN-
UP!!!



MEETING

FLAP

MENU

OH!

WANT
TO
ORDER
SOME-
THING?

And at
that point,
I didn't have
to push my
work out into
the world.
The (publishing)
world came
to me.

I still had basically no friends-- and I hadn't seen my old ones in years-- but I wasn't lonely.



It stopped feeling like I was being pushed into a narrow space, or like I was the only one who couldn't grow up.

I'd prayed like that. Maybe my wish had been granted.

PLEASE LET ME DO GOOD WORK.

I DON'T NEED FRIENDS OR LOVE.

Actually, in the few years before that, whenever I'd gone to the shrine...

COMPARISON BY APPEARANCE



CAN'T TRY

BEING LAZY

By the way-- "being lazy" and "being unable to try" might look the same, but they're not.

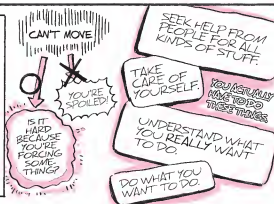
I think that starving for a sweet nectar you can't drink-- being unable to try-- is because you can't love yourself.

BUT I CAN TRY NOW.

IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS BEING LAZY, YOU KNOW.

Being lazy is when you don't take your work or other people seriously, and you don't try even when you're drinking the sweet nectar.

Maybe the times when I couldn't move were the times I needed to take better care of myself?



The things I'd once thought were hopeless, were actually things I had to do.

That's totally different from what you need to live your own life. I had to study and learn about this.



The things my parents have said to me are for protecting children, and disciplining them to do as they're told.



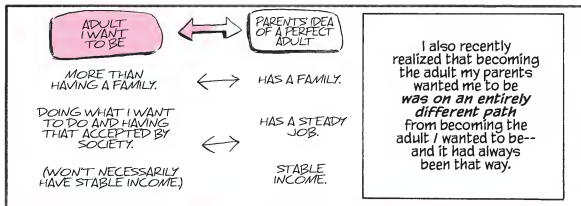
At that point, I thought I might be able to finally draw some sexy stuff, but the first thing I drew was...

Which is why I haven't been able to draw erotica--but why I did draw this story.



Lately, I've realized that drawing my creative fiction is way more embarrassing than drawing personal thoughts and actions.

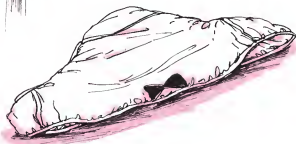


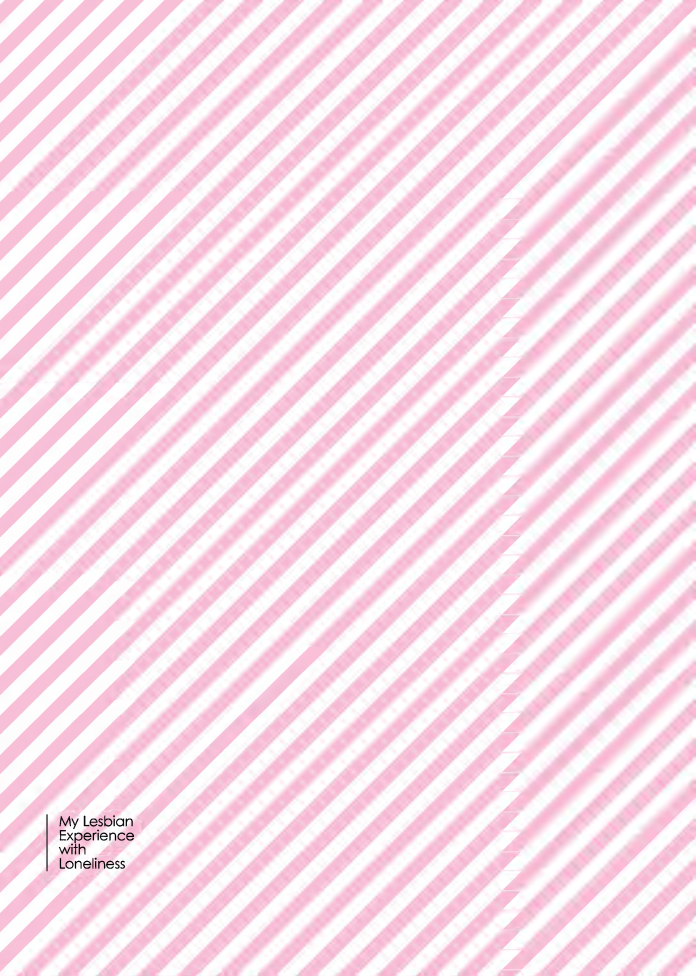




AS IF I
CAN LIVE
MY LIFE IN
FEAR OF
BEING
A BAD
DAUGHTER!

Even if
it didn't
go well,
I had the
feeling it
would still
be better
than what
we'd had
before.





My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

~ BONUS CHAPTER ~

I asked
for a
different
person.

In November
of 2015,
I went for
the second
time.

My mobile
phone address
was unintentionally
super gay,
so I didn't want
to use that.
I considered
a disposable
account...

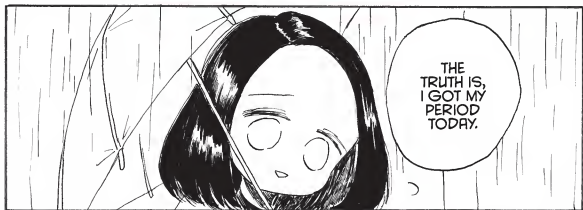
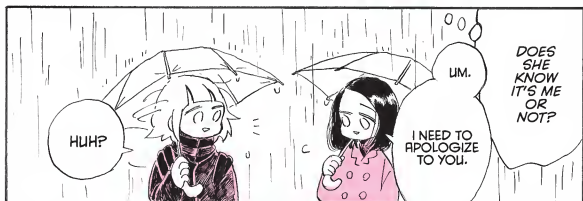
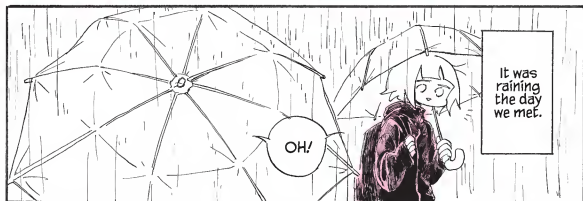
BEFORE THE
BOOKING

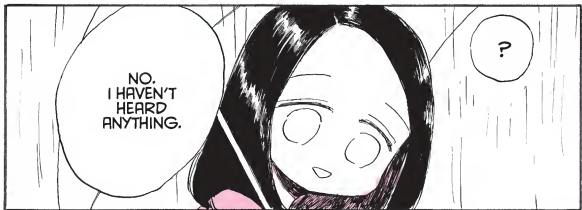
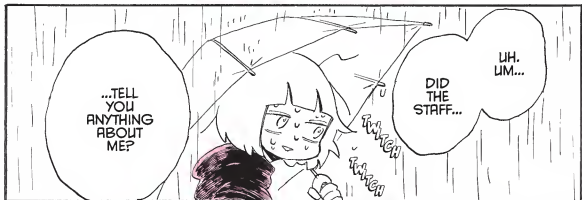
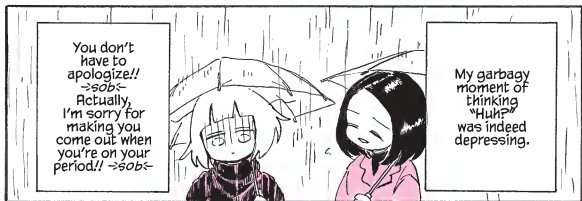
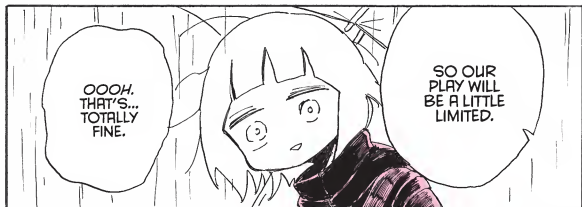
WHAT
SHOULD
I DO ABOUT
MY EMAIL
ADDRESS
WHEN I MAKE
THE APPOINT-
MENT?

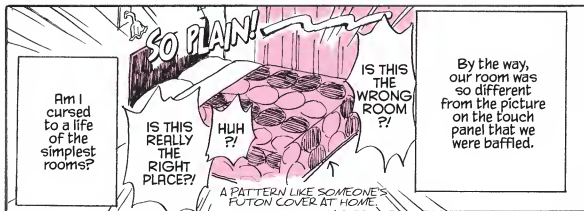
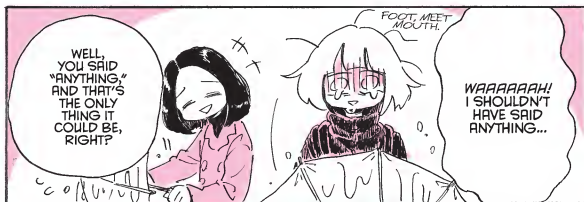
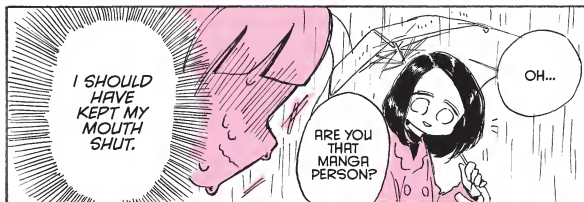
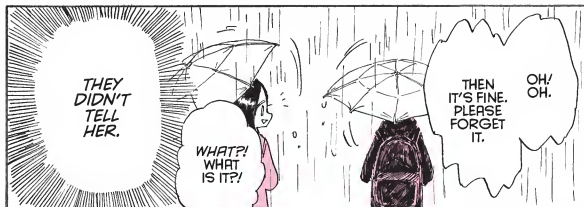
It was
totally
obvious
to the
people at
the agency
that it
was me.

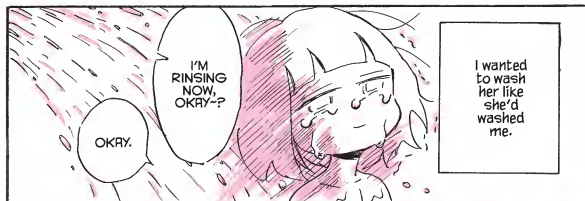
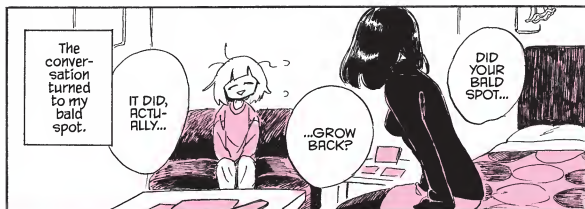
I'M
SO
EM-
BAR-
RASS-
ED!!

Unable to deal
with the hassle,
I cracked and
made the
appointment
with the address
I use for work
(even though I
could've used
my pen name).









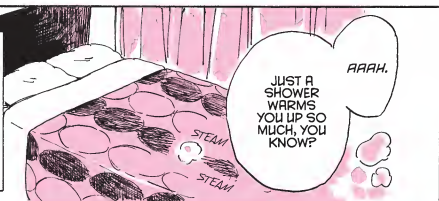
I decided
to stop
making fun
of my own
small
breasts.

SMALL BOOBS HAVE A
CHARM ALL THEIR OWN.



I wondered
if I could
do a little
better
than the
first time.

AAAAH.
JUST A
SHOWER
WARMS
YOU UP SO
MUCH, YOU
KNOW?



THERE
WE
GO!

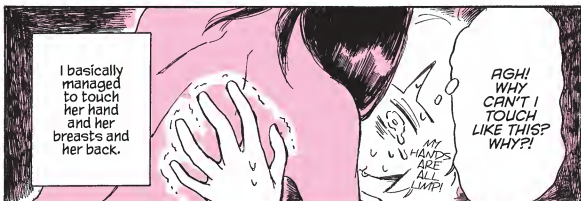


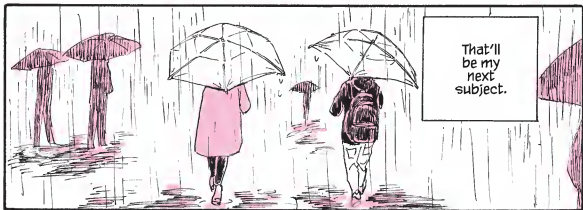
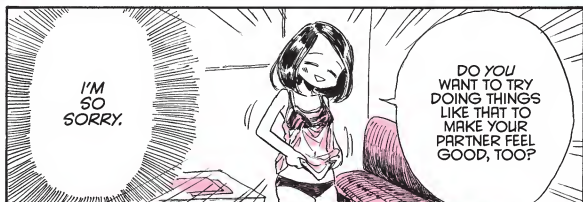
Smooch

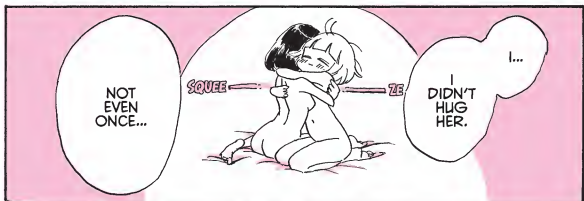
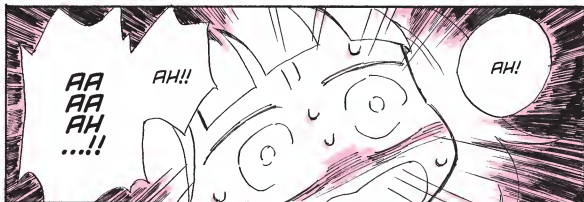
MN!

MM.











~ BONUS CHAPTER: END ~

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art by **NAGATA KABI**

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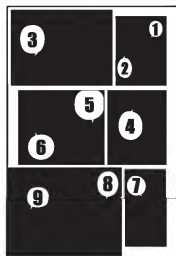
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READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from *right to left*, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



28 years old.
No confidence.
No direction.
Never had sex...



The candid tell-all of a young woman's struggles with depression and sexuality that has taken the internet by storm!

OLDER TEEN (16+)

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